Week-ending July 16 1949 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

TO HANG OR NOT TO HANG

by KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Secret of Sunbathing

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

Sprinkle Harpic into the bowl. Leave as long as possible—overnight is a good idea. Then flush. Hey presto! The job's done!

EASY

Harpic reaches right round into the S-bend, the part you can't see. Cleans and disinfects. Leaves the whole bowl glistening white!

THOROUGH

Harpic is made specially for cleaning the lavatory. It does one job only, and does it well. Get a tin today!

HARPIC MADE SPECIALLY FOR LAVATORY CLEANING

Reckitt & Sons, Hull & London

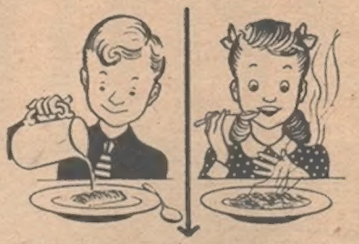
Meet Captain Bill Jones

He is captain of our darts team, with the temperament of a champion and the eye of a crack shot. Like you, he enjoys cheerful company and relaxation at the "local." But if darts are not your strong point, there's probably dominoes or some other game to test your skill. The Englishman expects to find such pleasure at his inn—it has been that way for centuries, and he does not want it altered.

BEER IS BEST

in the pub that's true to British traditions

Big 2-in-1 Breakfast Buy!



1 GRAND CEREAL GIVES YOU BOTH

DELICIOUS
COLD CEREAL
Here's a grand full-of-goodness summer breakfast for the whole family. Take big, golden, nourishing Welgar Shredded Wheat straight from the package, add milk and sugar and serve with stewed or fresh fruit. It's delicious!

1 MINUTE
HOT CEREAL
Try this recipe for *hot* Shredded Wheat. Place two crumbled biscuits into a small saucepan, add a pinch of salt and enough water to cover the bottom of the pan. Boil and stir until thick. Serve with milk and sugar.

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

12 *extra large Biscuits* **8D**

Work a Joy

when healthy kidney action has relieved rheumatic pains, backache and urinary troubles

"I don't worry I take Doan's."

MISCHIEF soon starts when the action of the kidneys slackens and permits excess uric acid and other harmful impurities to remain in the blood.

Possibly you feel tired, miserable and depressed; your back aching, muscles and joints stiff and sore. You may be bothered by lumbago, rheumatic pains or the common urinary disorders due to sluggish kidney action.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Thousands of healthy men and women testify that this well known kidney medicine has relieved these trying ailments. *Why not let Doan's do the same for you?*

1/7, 3/9½, 6/4 Ask your chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs and other articles which have been approved by our experts are marked → In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Perfect Bottling

With the approach of the Bottling Season make sure of adequate supplies of Sutcliffe precision made Preserving Bottles and spare fittings. Stocks are obtainable at Boots and leading Ironmongers and Hardware Stores.

J. W. SUTCLIFFE & CO.
Glass Bottle Manufacturers
12 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1
and at Manchester

BOTTLED VINEGAR *is best for pickling!*

and this is the **BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR**

EDITORIAL

State industries must put public service first

ONE OF THE UNDERLYING causes of the railway dispute is something which, if not corrected, could have a very harmful reaction on the other nationalised industries.

It is the wrongful tendency of some workers, and some of their leaders, to look on these industries as their own private preserves, to be run primarily in their own interests.

This must not be! State industries must be run for the benefit of all the people. For nationalisation surely has two main objects.

The first, and by far the most important, should be to give better, cheaper service to the public, and this is meant to be achieved by spending profits, not on the payment of dividends to shareholders, but on improvements and the reduction of prices.

The second object is to give a square deal to an industry's workers. They should receive the highest pay which is economically possible, and have the best conditions of labour which can be devised without diminishing their service to the public.

But workers in a nationalised industry should not immediately demand unjustified privileges, including even direct representation on the boards of management. The proper way for the workers to make a first impression on the structure of their nationalised industries is through joint consultation committees.

Unfortunately, a growing minority is too impatient to see this clearly. Hence some of the recent troubles.

Admittedly, many workers have grievances. Like everyone else, they need more money, and they feel that their claims should have priority.

But—and this is a reminder to the selfish and thoughtless minority—they cannot be given more than the industry can afford to pay *while fulfilling its function as a public service.* No grasping at power through direct representation on the board will alter that fundamental fact.

WORKERS cannot now or in the future expect that their industries shall be changed into tight monopolies for exploitation by themselves. Above all, they should not adopt a dictatorial attitude in which threats and refusals to compromise are dangerously mixed.

Belligerent talk of "head-on collisions" with managements is not language which should be used by responsible trade union leaders. It may win the applause of the unthinking minority. It only makes harder the task of all who are trying both to strengthen an industry and to help its workers.

Attempts to dictate to the accredited public managements of nationalised industries leave out of account the fact that the new executive is not a hostile body of "grasping capitalists," but is honestly trying to serve its employees as well as its public.

And they fling open the nation's door to the grievous peril of Communist sabotage. The Communists, whose loyalties are not to a Britain struggling for economic recovery, are quick to exploit any industrial trouble which has been worsened by autocratic and clumsy handling.

Behind nearly all unofficial strikes there is Communist influence, used deliberately to upset industry and drag down the nation's strength. The long-term policy of the Communists is chaos—because where there is content and prosperity there is no Communism.

FOR every reason, therefore, workers in State industries, in their own interests, should refrain from grasping recklessly at dictatorial control. We do not believe that a majority of sensible railway employees, for example, has ever wanted to do this. We do believe that bad leaders may have made them appear to do so.

The immediate need is for wise and statesmanlike union leadership. We want men who understand that, in this modern Welfare State, with its vast public enterprises, the rôle of the unions has changed.

They are no longer regiments to be kept always under arms, and led into industrial battle to save their members' bread and homes. They ought to ease the working of the human machinery which is the most important part of a great industry.

The Government can help, too. It can clear up the still doubtful question of Parliament's control over the nationalised industries. The public, through its M.P.s, should be able to "get at" Ministers concerned with transport and other services.

At the same time, Parliament is too busy to be used as a forum for all complaints and questions. So we need a ruling and a way of working which will simply ensure that Parliament, elected by the people, shall have the last word in the management of the people's industries.

Another job for the Government is to speed up negotiating machinery, the slowness of which often exasperates workers into arbitrary action.

Finally, joint consultation should be widened and improved. That is the real way towards increased workers' control of the nationalised industries. Consultation not only gives them a fair say at once—it trains them to take greater responsibility in the future.

JOHN BULL 186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

JULY 16, 1949 VOLUME 86 NUMBER 2246 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

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YOUR LAST CHANCE TO WIN

FREE CASH PRIZES & FUR COATS

TOTALLING OVER

£6,000

Buy a bottle of Gloria Shampoo NOW and enter this COMPETITION!

1st PRIZE £2,000
2nd PRIZE £500
3rd PRIZE £150
Plus 5 Marmot FUR COATS (as illustrated) Value £100 each
and 45 Beaver Lamb FUR COATS Value £33 each
20 Cash Prizes of £10 each
100 Cash Prizes of £5 each
1,150 Cash Consolation Prizes of £1 each
1,323 PEOPLE WILL WIN PRIZES

EASY TO WIN!

JUST READ THESE RULES

Competition closes JULY 31st.

1 The entrant must complete the sentence, "I've changed to Gloria Shampoo because . . . ", telling why she likes Gloria Shampoo, adding not more than 25 words. The name and address of the dealer where Gloria Shampoo was bought for the competition must be given on the entry. Entries should be addressed to A. & F. Pears Ltd. (Competition 42A), Isleworth, Middlesex.

2 This competition closes on July 31st 1949. No entry will be accepted after that date. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

3 There is no restriction to the number of entries by any entrant but each must be accompanied by a label from a bottle of Gloria Shampoo. Entries will not be returned.

4 The decision of the judges on all matters relating to the competition will be final. The judges reserve the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which they consider good and sufficient.

5 No correspondence relating to the competition will be permitted, neither will responsibility be accepted for any entries lost, damaged or delayed in the post or after delivery.

6 Copyright in all entries shall belong to A. & F. Pears Ltd.

7 The act of submitting an entry will be taken to mean that the rules and conditions of this competition are agreed.

8 The prizewinners will be notified by post and the names of the chief prizewinners will be announced in the "Daily Express", "Daily Graphic" and "Daily Mail" on September 21st, 1949. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize or prizes will be divided, or two or more prizes may be combined. No entrant may win more than one prize or share of one prize.

9 Employees of A. & F. Pears Ltd., their advertising agents and members of their families are not eligible for this competition.

10 Only residents of Great Britain or Northern Ireland are eligible for this Competition.

Judges will be: The Beauty Editor of Vogue and Editor of Vogue Beauty Book. Raymond of Mayfair, Artist-Coiffeur. Monica Dickens, well-known Novelist and special contributor to Woman's Own. An Executive of a leading advertising agency.

HOW TO ENTER! Get a free Entry Form from your dealer. Or you can send in your entry on plain paper—just be sure to write your name and address, your dealer's name and address and write also, "I have read the rules of the Gloria Competition and agree to abide by them." Don't forget to attach a Gloria Shampoo label (it soaks off easily). Entries will be judged for sincerity, originality and aptness.

Cut this out and keep for Reference

Gloria Shampoo

containing OLESTOL

1/10½d. & 1/3d.

PEARS NEW LIQUID

A. & F. PEARS LTD., ISLEWORTH, MIDDX. PGL 11/1014

5 MILLION WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG!

Women admire men with a smart well-groomed appearance, impossible to achieve without a clean smooth shave like the one you always get with an Ever-Ready Razor.

Ever-Ready De Luxe SET

Comprising an Ever-Ready nickel-plated one-piece snap-action razor, and six super keen Ever-Ready Corrux blades in handsome case of plastic material in a variety of attractive colours.

COMPLETE 5/3 TAX PAID

Ever-Ready

ONE-PIECE Snap-Action RAZOR

WITH THE PERFECT Ever-Ready CORRUX Blade

Myrna Loy, enchanting star of R.K.O. film, "Mr. Blandings builds his Dream House."

Myrna Loy

thrilled with new massage technique

NOW Myrna Loy, too, says she finds the Lux Toilet Soap Massage technique a marvellous method of beauty care. So many of the lovely film stars in Hollywood and Britain are taking it up.

Make a rich lather with Lux Toilet Soap and massage into the skin — going all over face and neck — with a gentle circular movement. Do this *thoroughly*, then rinse, first in warm water, then cold. Pat dry.

Follow this routine daily for two weeks, and you'll be thrilled with the improvement in your skin. This method refines the *texture* of the skin, gives the whole complexion a new radiance. Get Lux Toilet Soap — and start this treatment *now*. Lux Toilet Soap costs only 5d. a tablet.

LUX TOILET SOAP

Used by 9 out of 10 Film Stars

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

TL 1481-828

Hallo!

Shavallo!

The rich foaming lather of Shavallo is the prelude to the perfect shave. It softens up the bristles before the blade's advance—makes shaving swift, smooth and satisfying.

THE LATHER STAYS MOIST

SHAVALLO *Shaving Cream*

Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD.

S.V. 176-1014

Free Speech

PROTEST FROM BRIDE WHO WAS BARRED FROM CHURCH; HOW GANGSTERS GET THEIR RECRUITS; ONE WORRY OF A BLIND MAN

SOME OF THE THINGS I have read in the newspapers have shaken my faith in Christianity. But it has never been so much shaken as now—through a personal experience.

I am a widow, aged twenty-eight, and hope to remarry in September. Naturally, I want to be married in a church in the town in Sussex where my mother lives. But the vicar—and even the Bishop—refuses to allow me to be married in the church, because my prospective husband was the *innocent* party in a divorce case.

Why should we be barred from the church in this fashion?—MRS. B. C., Hythe, Kent.

Vicar Cuts Out "Obey"

AS A PARSON, I suggest that to insist upon the inclusion of the word "obey" in the marriage service is stupid because it destroys the very spirit of a marriage. In a true marriage the question of obedience does not arise. After all, a wife is not a servant.

My wife has never obeyed me and I hope that she never will. — T. OLIVER EDWARDS, Vicar of St. Michael's, Sydenham, London, S.E.26.

White Wedding Memory

HAVE A LOVELY WHITE WEDDING and think of it not as a sinful extravagance but as a beautiful day. That is my advice to your correspondent who asks whether weddings are a waste ("Free Speech," June 25). As a happily married woman, I find it one of my most treasured memories.—MRS. E. C. LAURENCE, Lawnedge The Triangle, Somerton, Somerset.

"Gang Invited Me In"

FEW PEOPLE REALIZE how much crime is planned in prisons. I am a skilled engineer and have held high executive posts but I have had a troubled domestic life and recently, in desperate financial circumstances, I came within the grasp of the law.

During a month spent in prison, even I received an invitation to join one of London's future gangs, who required the services of a good engineer-cum-chemist.

I was bound over on probation and had to start life again—no job, no cash, nothing. Eventually I got a job as a designer-draughtsman, but there was one snag: my draughtsman's instruments were pawned. In desperation I appealed to the court authorities for a loan, but there was nothing they could do beyond five or ten shillings from the poor box.

Probation assistance seems to consist of pious words. It is not surprising that many return to crime.—UNDEFEATED, London, N.W.

Darkness Plus Silence

CERTAINLY WE ARE complacent, inconsiderate, thoughtless. I escorted an aged blind man across a road. He was cheerful, even gay, and we talked. A seat in the park in the sun was his day. The scent of flowers, the song of birds, the laughter of children his contact with life. Had he any worries? Let him speak: "Day by day, people sit by my side and never speak, or, if they do, stop when they realize I am blind."—E. R. H., London, E.11.

Labels For Children

MUCH MISERY WOULD be saved if children's clothing had a tag inside with name and address and nickname. Today I found a little girl of not more than three who was lost. I took her crying to the police station.

What a difference if I could have called her by her name and taken her home.—NORAH G. CARTER, 73 Marmion Avenue, Chingford, London, E.4.

Decline Of Bathing

OUR BEACHES AND PROMENADES are nowadays profusely scattered with elegant bathing attire. Bathing belles bask everywhere. The sea is nearly unpopulated.

In the days of the bathing costumes which now cause merriment, if not scorn,

1913: it was different then

the sea was alive with merry bathers. Is it that the modern costume is ornamental only? — D. I. HUDSON, 28 Kimberley Road, Boscombe.

A Woman Buys Shoes

WRITING on Ted Kavanagh (JOHN BULL, June 4), Charles Graves refers to Kavanagh's characters as being drawn from life but slightly distorted. I wonder. As a semi-professional comedian I sometimes pick up some excellent material from my daytime job as an assistant in a women's shoe department. Like this:

"... 'ave you got that brown cork shoe in black?"—"No, Madam, only in brown."

"Ain't cher got it in no uvver colour?"—"No, Madam, only in the one colour, brown!"

"Yer ain't got it in red, I s'pose?"—"Madam" (by this time wondering which of us is crazy), "I only have that shoe in brown."

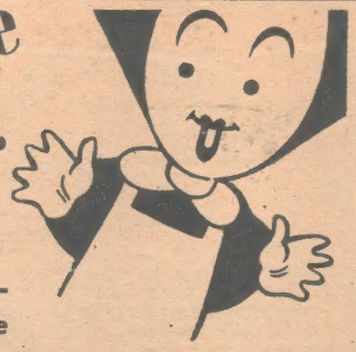
"Oh—you've only got it in the one colour. Ain't cher got nuffin' different?"—"Oh, yes, Madam, in that style—black or brown."

"Oh—er—black" (then as you make your way to the "black" fixture), "—or brown!"

I don't think Ted Kavanagh's characters are distorted in the least. They are, in fact, so true to life that those characters probably have a darned good laugh listening to their radio counterparts without realizing they are really listening to themselves.—W. H. LOWE, 29 Ashley Road, London, N.19.

MORE READERS' LETTERS ON PAGE 29

Spend less time at the sink!



**Less Rubbing, Scrubbing—
Yet a Spotless, Shining Home
with time-and-labour-saving
BROBAT SUDS!**

Let BROBAT SUDS lighten, brighten and ease all your washing and house-cleaning tasks for evermore! BROBAT SUDS new, livelier, longer-lasting lather simply demolishes dirt—rolls out every particle from fabrics, covers, net curtains and, of course, the weekly family wash. And BROBAT SUDS improved degreasing and detergent powers make this the perfect washer for speedy washing-up and all-round-the-house wet cleaning!

BROBAT Suds

From all good grocers, hardware and multiple stores, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Boots and Co-operative Societies.

THE STAMP THAT GUARANTEES 5 STAR FEATURES AND VALUE

Little Toddlers REGD. INFANTS FLEXIBLE FOOTWEAR

- ★ Made on the Hand Lasted Principle by Patented Process
- ★ Smooth Leather Lining and Innersole
- ★ Specially Graded Materials of highest quality
- ★ Non-slip Soles
- ★ No tacks to harm delicate little toes

The Popular Sandal

IN SIZES 1 to 6

MADE BY BRITAIN'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF INFANTS' FLEXIBLE FOOTWEAR

RETAIL PRICES 8/11 TO 12/11 WITH LOWER PRICED STYLES ALSO AVAILABLE

Everyone has someone worth saving for

INVEST IN NATIONAL SAVINGS

Savings Certificates . Defence Bonds . Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks

Issued by The National Savings Committee

**Mellow and smooth,
rich and invigorating,
a drink that brings liveliness
back to tired bodies!**

Mackeson's Stout

sets you up wonderfully

END DRY SCALP —hey presto! What a change!

LOOK at these pictures! On the left, you see how Dry Scalp can ruin your hair. It takes all the life and gloss out of it. Makes it unruly. Dandruff shows at the parting and on your coat collar.

What a change (*right*), when you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic! Hair has a natural, healthy gloss. Dandruff disappears. Just massage scalp gently with a few drops of this famous tonic dressing. Hair looks well-dressed all day.

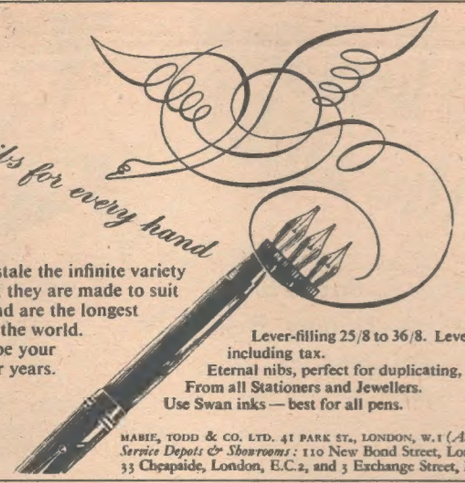
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK

The Dressing that ends Dry Scalp

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

3921-7

Swan nibs for every hand

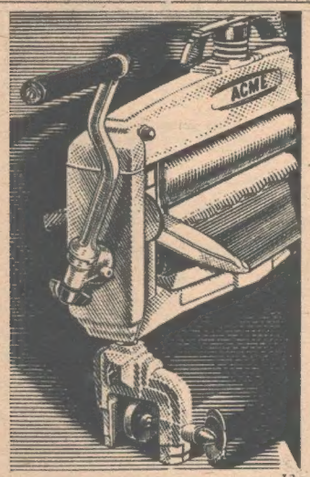


Nothing can stale the infinite variety of Swan nibs; they are made to suit every hand and are the longest living nibs in the world. A Swan will be your right hand for years.

Lever-filling 25/8 to 36/8. Leverless 30/7 to 55/- including tax.
Eternal nibs, perfect for duplicating, extra.
From all Stationers and Jewellers.
Use Swan inks — best for all pens.

TRADE MARK

MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD. 41 PARK ST., LONDON, W.1 (*Administration only*)
Service Depots & Showrooms: 110 New Bond Street, London, W.1.
33 Cheapside, London, E.C.2, and 3 Exchange Street, Manchester 2



12

HOW GOOD IS A WRINGER?

It's only as good as the results you get. And you can only get the best results from the best machine. Simple logic—but there's a great deal behind it! Seventy years in fact—seventy years of knowledge, technical skill, research, improvement and invention have produced the ACME CLEANSER-WRINGER. All this accumulated experience is working *for* you, doing a better job. How good is a wringer? Well, over four million Acmes have been sold already—that would seem pretty good proof!

ASK TO SEE THE

ACME

ACME WRINGERS LTD. DAVID ST. GLASGOW S.E.

Which flavour do you favour?

Gooseberry cream, praline pâté, caramel, coffee cream, turkish delight, and nougat! It's not easy to choose—so break and come again every break's a lucky one!

SIX DIFFERENT CHOCOLATES ON EVERY CALEY TRAY

T20

Goodbye TRAVEL SICKNESS

KWELLS—THE D-DAY FORMULA
—BRING HAPPY JOURNEYS

The travel sickness which has marred so many journeys for men, women and particularly children, is conquered now. Sufferers *know* that they can relax and enjoy themselves thanks to Kwells. Kwells are made to the formula which landed our sea and airborne troops fighting fit on D-day and which is now available for you, your friends and family in every chemist's shop, 1/6d. a tube. Never travel without Kwells.

KWELLS
PREVENT TRAVEL SICKNESS
BY ROAD RAIL SEA OR AIR

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 1/6

A MOTHER'S TESTIMONY

"I am writing to say how delighted I am with Kwells. My little girl had been car sick for over a year, but by using your tablets, we were able to go to Somerset and back in comfort. She was bright and happy when we arrived."
—Mrs. E. P., Northwood, Middx.

Tampax is worn internally—no belts, pins or pads. So comfortable. You're quite unaware of its presence!

It's discreet as well as dainty—no chance of embarrassment to me or others. Complete protection too!

Yes, Tampax freedom is priceless! Yet Tampax is low in price. Only 1/9d. and 2/- for ten!

For a dozen reasons, women who use Tampax bless the doctor who invented it! It's so simple to use, so quick and convenient, so *safe*. It's more hygienic, more comfortable. Yes, Tampax is protection in its daintiest, neatest, most complete and perfect form. *Yet it costs no more than less modern methods.* And the two absorbency sizes cater for *all* needs!

TAMPAX

SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY

Regular Tampax No. 1: Super Absorbent Tampax No. 2: in 10's—1/9 and 2/-. And in economical 40's packs—6/6 and 7/6

PHOSFERINE for *more* confidence!

If lack of confidence worries you and you feel tired and depressed through overwork remember how very useful PHOSFERINE has been to others in a similar state. PHOSFERINE may be just what you need to put back strength and energy. PHOSFERINE helps to build up staying power—gives you reserves of patience and good-will when you need them most. Try this grand tonic today.

1/6 & 3/8 IN LIQUID OR TABLET FORM

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

for Depression, Debility, Indigestion, Sleeplessness & after Influenza.

BROOKS

The Finest Saddle in the World

By using the wrong TYPE of saddle you will suffer unnecessary discomfort when you cycle. Fill in and post the coupon for free illustrated booklets, which will enable you to select the saddle most suited to your needs.

Post this coupon TO-DAY, TO—

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., CYCLE DIVISION 5, BIRMINGHAM, 3

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Address _____

TO HANG OR NOT TO HANG

by KINGSLEY MARTIN

Should a murderer be executed? The suspension of capital punishment was tried out last year. Far from clearing up a controversial issue, it has led to a muddle. Kingsley Martin suggests that we may finally reach a fair compromise

IN APRIL, 1948, the House of Commons voted for the suspension of the death penalty for a period of five years. During the next eight months before this decision was revised, the Home Secretary automatically reprieved all convicted murderers, and the judges called attention to the new dispensation by changing the formula of the death sentence from "hang by the neck until you are dead" to "suffer death by hanging."

They also omitted the hallowed formula of asking God to have mercy on the souls of the condemned men, holding, no doubt, that there was something more than usually ironic in offering such a prayer for men who knew they were not about to die. This "truce" ended on November 18.

It so happened that during these eight months the lives of some particularly brutal and callous murderers were saved. Yet, when hangings were resumed *after* November 18, the first batch included the obviously mentally deficient Margaret Allen.

The whole story is one of emotional muddle.

The majority of the Labour Party in the House of Commons at first stuck to its often repeated opinion and voted against hanging. The Home Secretary, however, who had himself voted against hanging in 1938, altered his mind, apparently because the Home Office had become frightened about the increase of violence. The figures which apparently influenced his mind and that of the Home Office were that in 1946 there were 138 murders, as against ninety-seven in 1938, while woundings went up from 190 in 1938 to over 3,000 in 1946. (War, it must be remembered, teaches men violence.)

False Prophets

The authorities apparently feared that to suspend the death penalty would greatly increase the statistics of violence. The judges, the Home Office, and a majority of the public, if we may believe the public opinion polls organized by the Press, feared that to suspend hanging would mean that no one could sleep safe at nights.

After the House of Commons vote, however, when murderers knew they would not be hanged, there was in fact no increase in violent crime. But murders did, as it happened, increase when capital punishment was again enforced in November.

So far from the death penalty having proved a deterrent, the number of murders in the first six weeks, when everyone knew that murderers would again be hanged, was unusually high. Twenty-eight murders took place in the six weeks (during which five executions took place) as compared with seventeen murders in the preceding seven weeks (in which no executions took place).

In short, the number of murders was once again shown to have no relation to the number of executions. Those who solemnly declared that we should all be murdered in our beds directly hanging was abolished were proved emotional ignoramuses.

The belief—superstition would, perhaps, be a fairer word—that security depends on the severity with which we punish criminals, dies hard. I recall the horrible case of the girl who was hanged in 1777 for attempting to steal linen valued at five shillings because her children were starving.

In 1810 Lord Ellenborough, then Lord Chief Justice, opposed the abolition of the death penalty for shoplifting to the value of five shillings and upwards in the following memorable words: "My lords, if we suffer this Bill to pass we shall not know where we stand. We shall not know whether we are upon our heads or our feet. Repeal this law, and see the contrast. No man can trust himself for an hour out of doors without the most alarming apprehensions that on his return every vestige of his property will be swept off by the hardened robber."

Corpses In Chains

At that date, 200 different offences were punishable by death, and corpses of men hanged in public mouldered in chains as a warning to criminals. Men were hanged for stealing sheep, for stealing hats or pairs of spectacles.

They went on being hanged until juries, moved by pity for the victim or terror for their own salvation, began to bring in obviously unjustified verdicts of not guilty, or to assess the value of articles stolen at a shilling less than the amount that would involve the death penalty. In 1828 punishment by death was abolished for many crimes, and in 1834 it was no longer found necessary to hang the bodies in chains. In 1868 public hanging was also abolished.

Strange to say, with the removal of these penalties, the number of murders decreased.

Nor does anyone today suggest that children under sixteen should be hanged — indeed, in spite of the increase of child delinquency, the Act of 1948 raised the age at which young persons may be executed. The number of women who, in an abnormal state after childbirth, kill their babies, has not been increased because the death penalty has not been carried out in their case since 1922. Nor are we menaced by the number of pregnant women who commit murder because since 1931 it was decided that they should be reprieved.

In short, once again we may assert, without fear of contradiction except from those who do not know the facts, that the severity of the punishment does not dictate the frequency of the crime.

If you think for a minute you will see that hanging is quite unlikely to be effective as a way of

Donald George Thomas (centre): convicted of a P.C.'s murder, he was first man to be reprieved under temporary "no hanging" rule

stopping murders. It would only be effective if most murderers were rational, calculating persons. In fact, detective-story murderers, deep-dark, planning villains who think out the "perfect crime" are very rare. Crippens, who poison their wives; Bluebeards, who murder them in baths—these murderers make headlines, but they are not the common run of murderers.

Ordinary, everyday killings are sordid unpremeditated affairs due to drink, slum conditions and uncontrolled passion. They are murders by husbands and lovers of their wives, sweethearts and rivals. Drink, quarrels, sex, jealousy, mental instability and degraded conditions of life account for most killings: they are committed on the spur of the moment and under the stress of violent emotion.

Fear of the penalty is not in the minds of such men when they kill.

Even in the minority of cases, where, for instance, a poisoner long plans his crime, the effect of the death penalty is highly doubtful. Such men are commonly of immense conceit; they believe that they will outwit the police and are not likely to be deterred by the difference between the death penalty and imprisonment for life.

A Killer's Mind

If definition were possible and statistics available, the most useful figure of all would be the instances of mental instability or deficiency among murderers. Some of them are clearly insane, or at any rate mentally irresponsible. Few people who have watched our law courts are likely to hold the smug view that no one suffers the death penalty unless he is morally responsible for his acts.

Those who pretend that everyone who hangs deliberately chooses wickedness are clearly influenced by the fear that murderers will always be able to escape justice by producing a psycho-analyst to plead on their behalf. I have some sympathy with this fear.

The judge would certainly be put into a horrible quandary if he had to weigh the relative merits of different schools of psychologists. To perform his function the judge must begin with the probably monstrous, but necessary, assumption that most men and women know what they are doing, can judge between good and evil and are endowed with free will to make moral decisions.

So fearful are the judges, however, that this necessary basis of their work will be swept away that they are unwilling even to consider any modifications of the ludicrous test of sanity which has prevailed in our courts for the last hundred years. Psychologists and psycho-analysts may disagree about most things. We may all have our different views about the degree to which we or society are responsible for our actions. But all students of the abnormal will agree that the "McNaghten" rule is out of date.

Judges who refuse to consider any amendment to it should be compelled to visit any asylum or mental institution. Five minutes of visiting patients would be enough to convince them that sanity cannot be defined as the individual's capacity at the time of committing the crime to "know the nature and quality of the act he was doing, or, if he did know, that he did not know that it was wrong." To find a more satisfactory substitute for this McNaghten definition may be difficult, but it is certainly not impossible. As long as it is accepted in the courts we know that men and women who ought to be treated as "mental cases" are liable to be hanged as murderers.

"Eye For An Eye . . ."

In 1948 public opinion polls and the letters in the Press and speeches made by prominent persons inside and outside Parliament showed that the real motive behind the wish to retain capital punishment is not rational, but primitive and deeply emotional. Consider what is implied in the serious remark that the murderer "ought to be hanged" or that "hanging is too good for him."

This is only another form of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

The Lord Chief Justice allowed himself in the House of Lords to make the typically unjudicial remark — really no more than a pun—that those who commit the "supreme crime" should suffer the "supreme penalty."

Clearly this sentiment has nothing to do with the argument that hanging is a deterrent: it decides on an emotional ground an issue which should depend on an evaluation of statistics. Those under the influence of this emotion will not consider the hard fact that murder, and crime of all sorts, has not increased but has decreased in Scandinavian and other Western European countries that have abolished the death penalty.

Murder is an immensely exciting subject. Try as novelists will, they cannot interest us very deeply in dope or bank robbery or even rape unless someone or other gets killed.

Psychologists tell us we are all would-be murderers of people we do not like; this perhaps explains why we are so sure that murderers should die. As we become conscious of such complexities in our natures, we grow less sure that an act of justice is done when a man is hanged. Perhaps we are punishing a scapegoat?

Juries In Doubt

The seventeenth-century Quaker said, as he saw the hangman's cart pass: "There, but for the grace of God, go I." The man with a twentieth century conscience says: "There, but for the grace of Mammon, go I." If the murderer had been given a proper education, a "chance" as we say, and if he had been brought up without frustration or tyranny, would he have been a murderer? Jurymen with sensitive consciences torment themselves with such questions.

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Another doubt arises. Is evidence ever really certain?

It is indeed seldom that we have first-hand evidence of murder. Few murderers commit their crimes while third parties watch. The evidence is usually circumstantial. Sometimes it is confirmed by confession—in which case we have learned to be more than usually suspicious, since few people hang voluntarily. There are many cases in which it has been discovered that apparently conclusive evidence was really false.

We all know of the case of Adolphe Beck, who served nine years' imprisonment for a number of crimes, of which it was found he was entirely innocent.

Beck was not a pleasant character and no doubt it was partly because of the unsavoury evidence produced against him that he was erroneously condemned.

The jury's task becomes more and more difficult.

There was the Wallace case, where a woman was battered to death with so much violence that, as Lord Birkenhead said on another occasion, the jury was quite unable to distinguish between its horror at the crime and the question whether the particular man in front of them committed it. After the Press accounts of the police-court evidence it would have been impossible to find in the whole of Liverpool a jury that would have given Wallace a fair trial. Examining the evidence in cold blood, the Appeal Court took the extraordinary step of overriding the jury on the grounds that there was no evidence at all to connect him with the murder.

Again, did Rouse burn a tramp in his car for the sake of the insurance? Probably; but the publicity was such that no one could be sure that he had a fair trial.

As doubts of this kind arise, juries become less anxious to convict. Even judges, it seems, are not infallible. There was the case, in November, 1925, of George Jordan, who attempted to strangle another man on a train. He was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, the judge saying that if he had not been wounded in the war he would have ordered him to be flogged. After three weeks in prison, Jordan was certified as insane, and after his death a piece of shrapnel was found lodged in his brain.

How many men, a jury cannot help asking, are similarly hanged in error?

Perhaps I have said enough to show that democracy in this matter of hanging is in a muddle. Always in such questions it is a small, educated minority which gradually overcomes public prejudice. In 1948 this minority, which came from all political parties, nearly won an important victory. It was fortified by the fact that in almost all Western European countries capital punishment has now been abolished and that murders have decreased.

What's The Solution?

It lost its battle in 1948 because the Home Office, which had been its most potent ally in 1935, had frightened itself into the belief that in the immediate postwar period it was unsafe to try what was commonly described as an "experiment." As a result, in 1948 there was for eight months no hanging, however savage and premeditated the murder, while in 1949 you will probably hang if you commit murder, even if you are a woman and mentally deficient.

After the experience of 1948, and whatever the decisions or recommendations of the Royal Commission may be, I shall myself be surprised if a Bill formally abolishing the death penalty quickly becomes law.

What is more likely is that sensitive Home Secretaries, seeing the absurdity of reprieving everyone in 1948 and hanging highly dubious cases in 1949, will begin sharply to differentiate between the worst and the less bad murderers, so that, without any decision on the issue of principle, hanging every year will become less and less frequent. That would be a very typical British solution.

We should avoid having to make up our minds on the matter of principle; we should avoid weighing the evidence; we should avoid, above all, admitting that our primitive impulses were leading us astray. We should gradually, illogically, surreptitiously and shamefacedly begin to do the right thing.

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The secret of sunbathing

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

You needn't go a painful lobster red if you sun-bathe sensibly. A rich, dark brown takes longer to acquire, but it looks good, feels good—and does you good, too

Wisest precaution before basking is to rub good, oily cream into skin

I USED TO THINK that the urge to acquire a sun-tan was a feminine foible, but one trip as medical officer in a troopship going the long way round to Egypt was enough to make me realize that men are just as enthusiastic.

Before we made sunbathing a military crime, my sick parade consisted entirely of parboiled soldiers who jumped in agony if anyone laid a friendly hand on their shoulders.

Fortunately this country rarely gets near-equatorial sunshine even in the hottest summer. But a bad sun-stroke can be fatal. And, short of that, a bad dose of sunburn may mean bed for an uncomfortable week or more.

Sunshine can do a great deal of good —or a great deal of harm. The sun is the natural source of ultra-violet rays. Ultra-violet merely means rays beyond the violet end of the visible spectrum, such as a rainbow.

The same rays can be produced artificially by an electric arc heating up mercury in quartz to a temperature of 5,400° F. Quartz is one of the few substances that will let natural or artificial ultra-violet rays pass through it.

Dust Spoils Sun

Ultra-violet light will pass through air but is quickly filtered out by any smoke or dust in the air. That is why people can never get really sunburnt in any town. The country is better for sun-bathing because there are fewer impurities in the air. The seaside is best because what few impurities there may be are blown away.

Ordinary window-glass stops ultra-violet rays. That is why no one ever gets sunburnt indoors. Paper will stop ultra-violet rays. So it is quite sensible to put a newspaper over your head if the sun feels too strong.

Human skin allows ultra-violet rays to penetrate to a depth of two millimetres, and with remarkable effects.

First, there is the local effect on the exposed skin. A reddening develops in anything from one to eight hours according to the sensitivity of the individual. Redheads are most sensitive to sunlight, and blondes — natural blondes—react more than brunettes.

What is called a tonic dose of sunlight is hardly noticed. The skin reddening is faint and soon disappears.

A larger dose of sunlight gives a mild sunburn reaction. The red colour can be seen plainly, takes three days to disappear, and causes some darkening of the skin with a mild peeling.

The next larger dose produces a severe sunburn. There is intense and painful reddening of the skin — the lobster colour you can see on any beach. This takes a week to subside and means a lot of ugly peeling, leaving the skin darkly sunburnt.

Danger Of Overdose

The largest dose of all is destructive. Intense reddening gives way to painful blisters and there is usually a severe headache. Anyone who gets this dose of sunlight will go to bed in a darkened room without waiting to be seen by a doctor.

For most people who spend eleven months of the year working indoors, the only sensible way to sunbathe is by easy stages. Toast back and front for fifteen minutes each the first day. Half an hour each way the next day. Then an hour, then two hours, and after that play around on the beach all day.

There is no treatment for sunburn except calamine lotion and no more sunbathing for a few days. On the other hand, if sunburn is avoided by behaving sensibly for the first few days a great deal can be gained from the sunshine.

A pleasant tan looks healthy, and is. Ultra-violet rays stimulate the deeper layers of the skin to produce the brown pigment which gives protection. That is why black people are black.

Infra-red rays, at the other end of the spectrum, stimulate the blood supply to the skin.

By acting on the skin surface ultra-violet rays produce vitamin D_3, which helps to prevent rickets.

Men Sweat, Women Glow

Ultra-violet rays increase the number of red blood cells. The whole range of the sun's rays, from ultra-violet to infra-red, enhances bodily metabolism and makes men sweat and women glow—which is a good thing.

As the skin becomes browned all sorts of other things happen. There is an improvement in appetite, better sleep, breathing becomes slower and deeper, muscle tone improves and so does the general circulation. And general resistance to disease increases.

Indirect glare from white promenades is not good for the eyes. Anyone whose eyes are good and young can stand a lot of sunshine. Anyone whose eyes are not so good or not so young should wear dark or tinted glasses while sunbathing.

Bright sunlight will burn skin quite effectively through a light-weight cotton shirt or blouse. Close-weave material in a drab colour is better protection than any flimsy white garment —hence khaki drill.

Fair protection is given by any oily cream. The best protection is afforded by creams made up with phenyl salicylate and titanium dioxide.

Dry clothes give better protection than wet clothes. So there is a good reason for having two swim-suits and not sitting around in the wet one.

Artificial sunlight is not as good as natural sunlight, for the simple reason that the ultra-violet rays from a mercury-vapour lamp correspond to exactly two-tenths of one per cent of all the sun's rays. All the other rays help in the health-giving process and so do the fresh air and sea-breezes which even the best U.V. lamps cannot supply.

It has been claimed that irradiation with artificial sunlight during the winter months gives some protection against the common cold. Three years ago the Industrial Health Research Board undertook large-scale experiments comparing the fitness of people who were exposed to ultra-violet rays and people who merely imagined that they were being treated by ultra-violet light, but in fact were not.

Over the whole period of the experiment there was not the slightest difference in absenteeism, standards of fitness, and the number of common colds and minor infections suffered by the two groups.

On the other hand, Swedish children who took part in a similar experiment last winter were fitter and suffered fewer colds than children in another school who were not working under ultra-violet lamps.

Want To Be Supermen

A possible flaw in this experiment lies in the difficulty of controlling the mental attitude of children. Schoolboys working under these special lamps would soon know about it and, with the experimental enthusiasm of all children, would tend to adopt a superman attitude to the tests which were later undertaken to show whether they were fitter than the children in the rival school.

On the other hand, artificial sunlight, like natural sunlight, makes people feel a lot better and has a pleasantly stimulating effect on the skin and superficial blood vessels, and when you feel better you probably are less likely to catch a cold or any other infection than when you feel below par.

Leading Mrs. Sib by the noose, Brushy went up to the gipsy. "Listen, Harry. Give us five pounds, chuck in thy wife, take this woman, and it's a bargain"

The house was the death of her

by GEORGE BEARDMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

MY GRANDFATHER first told it to me about a contemporary of his called Brushy Bignall, one of those "naturals" or lucky fools who belong to the great tradition of Tyl Eulenspiegel, Charlie Chaplin and, come to that, of Brer Rabbit. Even today one market woman will tell another, not very quick on the uptake, that she is "bright as Brushy Bignall" and they will both laugh immoderately without quite knowing why.

The only son of a small farmer, Brushy was born and reared in the village of Rushton Spencer on the fringe of Biddulph Moor, a high and rocky heath in the centre of England. Being isolated, the moor nurtures a very primitive race which seems to thrive on inbreeding rather than suffer from it. These moor folk are suspicious of foreigners, which was why they never came to regard Brushy as one of themselves.

For a time he went to live among them. Perhaps he was already giving his father evidence of his eccentric genius, and genius is not in favour with farmers or, for that matter, with anybody. His father in particular, an old soldier who had served under Wellington, was a stolid sort, if fond of his son. For some time he had kept his eye open for a suitable place in which to set Brushy up on his own, until one day he told him: "I bin past Sib Stonwee's yesterdee. Her's selling it."

They exchanged glances, a wordless conversation passing between them.

Both knew the history of Sib Stanway's and of Sib Stanway himself. A holding of eighteen or twenty acres, it stood on the summit of one of the moor's many "Ends," and six months previously Sib Stanway had fallen down his cellar steps and broken his neck. Much conjecture had arisen as to what would happen to his widow, but because she was a foreigner, introduced by Sib from Bug Lawton, four miles distant, nobody had bothered to ask her.

Brushy asked at last: "What dosta' think of it?"

"I could never make Sib out. He was a strong bullock of a mon but he never did no work on the place. I never sin such a modge." Father looked knowingly at son and added: "I'd go up to two hundred, but thee wanst to try for one-eighty. If her gets one eighty-five, her ull be lucky."

Out of curiosity Brushy asked: "What's to happen to her?"

"Thee'd best ask her."

Brushy was dismissed and later in the day walked the two or three miles to Sib's.

As his father had predicted, Brushy found the farm a "modge," that is, its fields had run to seed, its outbuildings were rapidly being stripped of their tiles and timbers by the moor's high winds, and the only animal on view was a lean cow looking up at him with despair from a ditchful of thistles.

In striking contrast, the house itself was a marvel of repair and neatness, the actual division being sharply perceptible on the threshold. The door, solidly constructed of oak, had been beeswaxed so that he saw an image of himself emerging from its depths to greet him, but the two steps leading up to it had cracked and disintegrated with the effects of frost, and sprouted dock and dandelion.

Sib Stanway's widow, when she had opened the door to him, was a small, frail woman with calf-like eyes, much too soft and effeminate by moor standards, but by her apron and hands obviously capable of hard work. No more proof of

this was needed than the interior of the house itself. Not only was there none of the usual traces of muddy boots, wisps of hay, discarded tools and so forth usually to be seen in a farmhouse, but every knob and corner had been polished to its ultimate degree of brightness.

Having stated his business, Brushy stood amazed. "Why," he said, "thee mit be expecting a wedding!" Then he felt that he might have been guilty of bad taste, and blushed. She was eighteen or twenty years his senior, but she was still a woman.

Mrs. Sib, however, had taken nothing amiss. Nervously brushing from her black frock invisible particles of dust, she replied: "Wedding? Oh, no. No one is to be married. Won't you like to see the house? You were unexpected and I'm afraid it is rather disordered. . . ."

Her voice was high-pitched and bore the traces, affected to moorland ears, of her early schooling. Sib had not concealed the curiosity of her having attended a dame's school till she was ten. She showed Brushy the scullery, the kitchen, the parlour, and the one long bedroom running the length of the house one after the other as though anxious to impress upon nim the importance of every detail.

How strange that the house was so spick and span while the farm outside was so ill-kept. Brushy was to find out why when he bought the house and the woman in it

BRUSHY became increasingly confused. Of the multitude of things shown to him two stood out with particular vividness. The first was important only in significance: the kitchen range had a boiler with a brass tap and brass filler-cap attached. You withdrew from the one by just so much as you replenished at the other. Both tap and cap had been rubbed till they reflected every object in the room, even up the tap's spout, and an exact ring separated them from the blacklead of the grate. Brushy felt that attention to such detail, if executed throughout the house, must occupy the widow from daybreak to supper.

The other thing signified her devotion to the memory of the departed Sib.

She spoke only once of him, to remark that he had often spared time from the fields to help her in the house. At the foot of the cellar steps where, of course, he had met his end, a ledge projected from the wall and on this ledge lay an open Bible with a candle beside it. From the day of his death she had made it a custom every night before retiring to descend the steps, light the candle and read a chapter of the Bible. By the day of Brushy's visit she had arrived at the thirty-first chapter of Deuteronomy.

Returned to the light of day Brushy felt sufficiently at ease to blurt out: "But supposing I take the place, missus, what art going to do wit' theesen? Go on parish?"

Her eyes filled with tears. "I don't know. With the money, I suppose . . . but it's the house. I can't bear to part with it. Every little thing *means* something. What price have you got in mind?"

"House's all right," Brushy answered, "but outside's all to pot. That means work. I'll give thee a hundred and eighty, with the cow thrown in."

She looked away. "It's too low. I can't take anything under two hundred and fifty. Look how I've slaved so. I shall have to ask you for two hundred and fifty. Anything less would be disrespectful to my husband."

"Missus, I conna give thee more than two hundred. Me fayther's paying the money and ay wunna go a penny higher." She shook her head. The interview seemed to be at an end until Brushy, manifesting his peculiar imagination, added: "For two-fifty, missus, I'd want thee to throw in theesen, besides the cow."

She took the suggestion seriously. "Really, I hadn't thought of giving myself as well. I don't think—no, it's an idea, but I don't see how I could, although. . . ."

The conversation ended, and Brushy departed to tell his father that she wanted two hundred and fifty. His father snorted at the absurdity of the figure, and there the matter rested.

The following Sunday, however, after church, Brushy was sitting under a hedge whittling a stick when he heard his father calling for him and went indoors to find Mrs. Sib sitting in the best parlour. Both men were nervous, for they were unused to female society, but Mrs. Sib seemed this time more self-possessed, except that she constantly played with the edges of her black cloak.

She came straight to the point. Looking Brushy between the eyes she said: "Mr. Bignall, I have thought over your offer and I want to tell you that I am prepared to take it. You surprised me, rather. It was so unexpected. But why not? The arrangement would be very convenient. After my poor husb—husband's death I could never marry again, even if. . . . I love my house. I could never leave it. But if I accept your offer. . . ."

Brushy looked at her with stupefaction and could only exclaim: "Offer? What offer was that, missus?"

She began to show embarrassment. "Why, that for two hundred and fifty you'd want me, too. You remember, don't you?"

Brushy and his father exchanged glances of astonishment until the latter said: "I can see thay'st bin acting daft again, my lad, but let me tell thee this, I shanna go a penny over two hundred, 'ooman or no 'ooman, and that's final."

Mrs. Sib was beginning to rise with murmurs of disappointment when Brushy, more quick-witted and much taken with the proposition, once its unusualness had been overcome, asked Mrs. Sib: "That cow theer, missus—is that the only creature on four legs thay'st got to keep thee?" Mrs. Sib nodded her head, whereupon Brushy turned to his father. "Fayther, I can't work no farm with on'y an old cow. Thay'st got to give me an 'oss to go with the two hundred—aye, and the owd cart standing back o' the cow house."

He turned again to Mrs. Sib. "Would that suit thee, missus? Two hundred, an 'oss, a cart, and me. What dost say?"

AT first Mrs. Sib was doubtful, but in the end she agreed. Really she had no alternative. No other serious offer had been made, probably she knew that two hundred and fifty was a bit steep, and beyond all else she loved her house. Brushy's father raised no objection, for obviously a farm could not be run without a horse. The bargain was struck, they shook hands and, after glasses of parsnip wine had been drunk, Mrs. Sib walked home.

Within a week the two hundred had been paid to her in notes, after which Brushy drove over in the cart, carrying with him his best suit of clothes, a new spade and fork, and various other personal belongings, to take possession of his new home and of Mrs. Sib.

The circumstances being unusual, his father felt it necessary to warn him: "Son, I can't see the back o' this business. I never knowed but one 'ooman as sold herself, back in the days when the owd Duke were alive, and her came to no good. But I'll tell thee this: thay't got theesen a 'ooman for the price of an 'oss and cart. Dunna drive her too hard, and dunna let her grow too old afore thee sells her again. Goodbye to thee, my lad."

In general, the public were more optimistic than Brushy's father. They thought the arrangement eminently sensible. It was true that Sib's widow was not too old to remarry, but Brushy could not be expected to marry a person almost twice his age. Moreover, Mrs. Sib had vowed to prove her fidelity to Sib by never remarrying. Brushy needed a woman to look after the house, while for her part Mrs. Sib shunned the idea of leaving it. Let her therefore sell herself to him. Nothing could be more satisfactory.

Only one school of sceptics suggested, first, that an attractive widow like Mrs. Sib, whatever her age, was worth more than a horse and cart, and, second, that whether the arrangement worked depended upon how Mrs. Sib kept her side of the bargain. In effect, they said, Brushy had done no more than make over to her a horse, a cart, two hundred pounds and his services, whatever the ownership might nominally be.

THEY need not have feared, for Mrs. Sib, as she continued to be called, gave him clear evidence that she considered herself stripped of everything except the two hundred pounds, the horse and the cart, and was otherwise his slave. And so far as the horse and cart were concerned, she gave him full use of them.

It was not for her to demur, and she looked on with indifference when Brushy pulled down the hay barn and used its timbers to patch the cow shed. Two mossy apple trees, in danger of falling against the house, were felled without protest. His plans for reversing the late Sib's procedure of sowing the low field with barley and giving over the hill to grass scarcely interested her. He was, in short, master of his own fields.

He was master of his house, too, with the qualification that affection, or at least pity, began to creep into their relationship. If she had toiled before when the house was hers, she now threw herself into her domestic labours with fury.

With his eye for detail, Brushy noted how even the bottom of the frying pan was daily given its polish. She dusted the outside ledges of the window-frames and he suspected that she dusted the coal itself. The kitchen range was the centre of her activities and once, when he had spilt some porridge on it, he was touched to see the hurt look in her eyes as she at once brought out cloth and sandpaper to make it clean again, for there is nothing like spilt porridge, burnt for an hour or two, for staining a fire grate.

No remonstrance could stay her loving industry.

She meekly listened to him, her large liquid eyes reflecting her pain that he, her master, should find fault with her, but the tyranny (for tyranny it became) continued. When he came in from the fields she stooped behind him to wipe clean his footmarks and straighten the mat. A pipe placed on the dresser would in half a second find its way into its niche above the fire-jack. A crust of bread and butter, set down on the window-shelf between intervals of using a screwdriver, vanished as he was in the act of turning round.

Reared among the easy usages of a bachelor establishment, Brushy found these things hard to understand, and harder still to endure.

Pity was his chief enemy. She was so frail-looking, so easily wounded, so anxious to please him. Two schools of thought exist on the cleaning of kitchen floors; either they are cleaned at night when the day's work is done, or first thing in the morning before it is begun. Mrs. Sib belonged to the latter, probably because her nightly Bible-reading would otherwise have suffered.

Every morning about five thirty she rose from his side to swab down and polish a kitchen floor already spotless.

Brushy suffered this for about seven weeks when the impression of his weak but willing slave, driven by her unaccountable mania to rise in the bleak dawn and scrub floors, so overcame him that he followed her downstairs, took pail and brush from her, and set to himself.

It was a fatal lapse. Within a week he had taken upon himself the duties of blackleading the range and cleaning the windows. Inside a month he found himself with a mere two hours of daylight in which to carry out his farm work, and they, too, were slowly being nibbled into—all, strange to say, in this small house, without seeming in any way to ease Mrs. Sib's exertions.

Brushy was of too variable a temperament to suffer such a state of affairs for long. The keynote of his life was change. He awoke to himself, so to speak, in the middle of one fine March afternoon, when he ought to have been in the fields, to find himself with his jacket off scrubbing down the cellar steps. They were necessarily dark, somewhat cracked and old, and nobody ever descended them except himself to see to the sprouting of seed potatoes and, of course, Mrs. Sib to read her nightly chapter.

The absolute uselessness of his task occurred to him with the suddenness of revelation.

Also he remembered two sayings of his father's. The first was a sly suggestion, at the time imperfectly understood, that "thot theer Sib never had no need to breck his neck down them steps unless he'd wanted to." How clear now was the meaning of those cryptic words! Sib had been tied to the woman by marriage, and tied, too, for ten or twelve years. For that length of time, doubtless, he had blackleaded the grate, cleaned the windows and washed the cellar steps. Hence the derelict state of his farm. Hence his broken neck.

The second saying Brushy remembered was a reminder that, having bought her, he could sell her.

HE rose, put on his jacket and went off to confer with his father. He found him occupied as he himself should have been occupied, spreading dung. They knew one another too well to waste words in greeting. Brushy said at once: "Fayther, con I sell thee a 'ooman?"

For that, to be truthful, had been his first intention—to sell Mrs. Sib to his father. But he met his first check. The old gentleman replied: "Nay, my lad. Since thay mother died I hanna felt the need o' one. Wosta' matter?"

Out of shame Brushy concealed a great deal, giving out only that he was dissatisfied with her as he might have been dissatisfied with a horse. She was too delicate, she coughed, he was afraid that she might fall sick on his hands and become a total loss.

His father put in: "Supposing her died, why, that'd be no great harm, would it? Who else would she give her two hundred to, and the hoss and cart, but to thay?"

Brushy knew that, in fact, she was a long way from dying, and asked: "Nay, I dunna want no dead 'ooman. What I'm asking thay, Fayther, is whether it'd be rayght for me to put her up, like, for auction?"

The father scratched his head. "There were a mon in Duke's day," he said, "tuck his wife to Stafford market place

on a halter and swopt her to publican o' the Crown for a week's dinners. But she were a fair nagger, they say."

Brushy accepted the precedent as valid, steeled his heart and went home to break the news to Mrs. Sib that he was going to sell her. To his relief she accepted the decision with resignation. In her scheme of things he was her absolute master and could do with her as he willed.

It was not, she confessed, a contingency she had foreseen when she had made the original bargain, but, having struck it, she was prepared to abide by it. He proposed to effect the sale on the following day, a Saturday, and he was not unmoved when, in the usual way, she scrupulously finished her household tasks, descended the cellar steps (1 Samuel xii) and climbed the stairs to his side, knowing that it was for the last time.

A crisis was reached in their conflicting relationship when, next morning, carrying out his resolve, he took a rope, formerly used for stringing up onions, made a halter out of it and placed it loosely round her neck. She saw her beloved home passing from her grasp, while he for his part felt an unwilling tenderness for her. Tears came to her eyes as he bent down and kissed her forehead.

"You wunna' be wanting the 'oss and cart, Mrs. Sib?" he murmured.

"No, lad. They're no use to me," she answered. "If I were going for good you should have the two hundred pounds as well. You've been very good to me. But I have a feeling I shall come back."

WITH sorrow in their hearts they set out. If the moor had a centre it was the green opposite The Rails Tavern on the High Bent road. Thither Brushy conducted her. Naturally they were objects of interest to wayfarers, the women in their cottages and the men labouring in the fields.

A foretaste of the rude pleasantry they were to suffer was thrown at them. One of the ill-favoured Bailey tribe cackled: "Wheerst' taking her like that, Brushy? To knacker's?"

Another called out: "Hi, Brushy! Thay't dropt thee plough behind thee."

To all he answered equably: "Nay, I bought her and now I'm selling her. Thay't welcome to come along."

The scene outside the tavern is the one most favoured by historians. It has even been made the subject of a steel engraving, though a poor one, by an eyewitness. We are shown a corner of the building, a low bench crowded with men and women, some of them standing on it with mugs in their hands, and at their feet a miscellany of children, hens and piglets. Between them and a pond with ducks on it stands a burly young man with one hand raised and the other holding a noose-end of which the noose hangs round the neck of a small, dejected-looking woman.

The bystanders began to call out: "What bin her points, Brushy?" and "Why a't selling her, boy?" to which Brushy answered:

"All on ye knows I paid two hundred pounds, a horse and a cart for her. Now I shall knock her down to the mon what bids the most for her. You chaps what's wanting a 'ooman, what's the fust bid?"

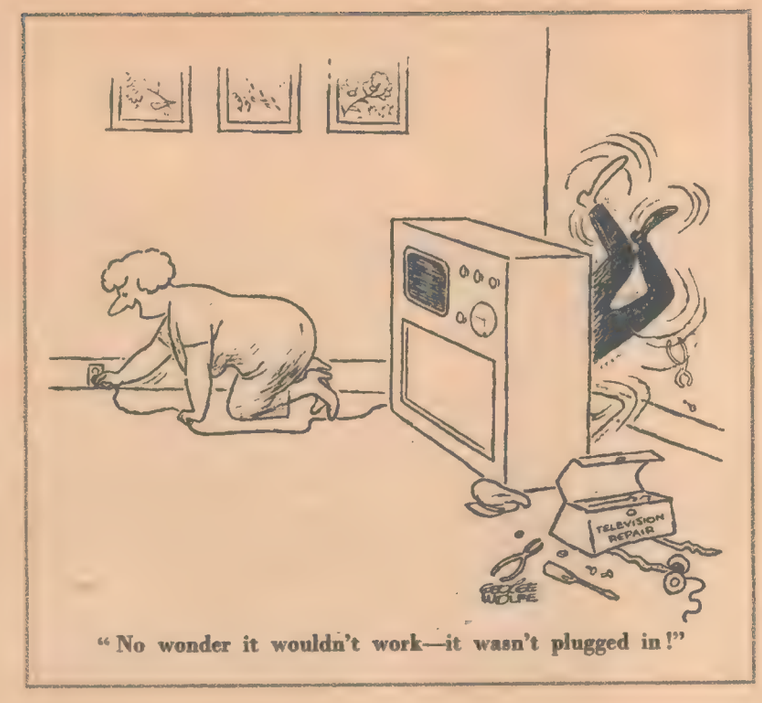
"I'll swop thee two porkets for her!"

"Two porkets, two tumbler-pigeons, and a whippet!"

Brushy refused to be ruffled and replied sensibly: "I dunna want no porkets, nor no tumblers and whippets. I paid two hundred o' the best for her, and I want nowt but brass."

But no serious offer was forthcoming. Brushy was discovering that, even with women, it is one thing to buy but another to sell.

Now behind The Rails was a gipsy encampment of three caravans (not depicted in the engravings) and it was



"No wonder it wouldn't work—it wasn't plugged in!"

natural that the gipsies, with the suspicion of their kind, should be drawn to the scene, if only to see what might be got out of it. Chief among them was Harry Lovell, a prince in his own right, a dark handsome fellow with large hands and powerful shoulders of a boxer, his nose flattened and his ears pierced through with bangles.

As Harry shouldered a way through his women Brushy called out: "Harry, now. Give us a bid for this 'ooman. I'm selling of her to the highest bidder."

Harry replied: "What'll my wife say, mister?" A suppressed giggle rose from behind him.

Brushy said: "Tell her you've brought her another, Harry."

"Nay, nay. One at a time's enough."

This was another crucial occasion when Brushy's whimsical imagination rescued him. He advanced towards Harry, leading Mrs. Sib, and said: "Listen to me, Harry. I want a hundred pounds fur this 'ooman, but I'll tell thee what I'll do. I'll trade her for thee wife. Give us five pounds, chuck in thy wife, take this yer 'ooman, and it's a bargain."

ODDLY enough, Harry did not indignantly turn the offer down. One is not to know whether at the time he himself was riding a matrimonial crisis, or whether some obscure plan was formulating in his mind.

For a moment or two he gazed with compressed lips at Brushy, then turned his bull-neck and spoke swiftly in a strange tongue to the woman behind him, a tall, well-proportioned girl with high cheek-bones and bold, sullen eyes. She answered him. Harry turned again to Brushy.

"Make it three pounds."

"Right."

"Done, then."

Harry gave Brushy three sovereigns, and they shook hands. Harry took the noose from Brushy's keeping and symbolically freed Mrs. Sib by throwing it to the ground. The gipsy woman moved sulkily across to Brushy's side. Her skirt was in tatters and she was barefoot. Harry turned round and shouldered his way out of the crowd followed by Mrs. Sib, and disappeared. Brushy departed for home, with the gipsy following two feet behind.

Brushy soon discovered that his new housekeeper was totally unused to houses, and in fact mistrusted his so much that night was falling before he managed to cajole her inside.

Even then she did not dare to go upstairs but peered inside the coal box, the bread tin and the potato sack, girded the tablecloth round her waist, was amazed and frightened when Brushy showed her that the cellar door was not, as it appeared to be, part of the wall, but swung outwards, and spent much of the time laughing at her reflection in the looking-glass.

In the end he induced her to couch down on a heap of sacks in the woodshed, but only when he had propped the door open. She possessed very few words of English but when he had made it clear that he himself would not sleep on the heap of sacks and was going elsewhere, she expressed her incredulity and wrath in the plainest possible manner.

In short, he could not have found a more striking contrast to Mrs. Sib.

This became increasingly apparent in the days that followed. She rose at dawn to concoct his breakfast of brews smelling of strange herbs but whose main constituent was stolen chicken or lamb.

Her personal habits were unashamed and filled him with abhorrence. Nor was there any reasoning with her, for a stormy temper was supported by unusual physical strength.

The most extraordinary things happened, as, for instance, when he returned from a visit to his father to find her missing and, for no apparent reason, the pig tied to the kitchen table. Once upstairs she spent hours before the looking-glass, decking herself with Mrs. Sib's finery, but fortunately she seldom went there because the stairs made her giddy.

Best of all she liked sitting before a log fire on her favourite spot behind the wood shed, crooning to herself and making either clothes pegs or birch brooms, at the manufacture of which she was very adept.

Inevitably the house came to look as wrecked and looted as though an invading army had passed through it. For this reason Brushy took her to work with him in the fields for a spell, but it was quickly apparent that she would never settle to a job of any sort for long.

One morning, about three weeks after her arrival, she vanished, and so, too, did her considerable stocks of clothes pegs and birch brooms.

It was no coincidence that Mrs. Sib returned at noon. She was in a deplorable state, not only in her attire, which was ragged and filthy, but in the constant fear she possessed that every moment Brushy was going to strike her.

He was unutterably glad to see her and his heart filled with remorse. The state of the house filled her with dismay, but Brushy's welcome and her own profound joy at being home again soon gave her heart, and within an hour of her arrival, having eaten a civilized meal off a civilized table, she was putting on her apron and setting about the appalling task of putting the house to rights.

Brushy had not quite finished with Harry Lovell, who knocked on the door as dusk was falling. He was in no belligerent mood and, indeed, looked the worse for someone having recently knocked out two of his teeth. He said: "Brushy, I've come for my three pounds."

"Three pounds? How's that, Harry?"

"Well, sithee, you've got your woman back and I've got mine. The bargain's off."

"But wait a minute, Harry. She was all right enough when I sold her to thee. What happened?"

For the first time Harry showed anger. "All right! She didn't know a horseshoe from a horseradish. Why, this morning only I was having trouble with my stallion, Thunderbolt, and I asked her to hold his head. I had to kick her before she'd do it. My Lucy'd thrown him with her little finger."

He rubbed his remaining teeth reflectively.

Brushy answered: "Now look thee, Harry, when thee sells an 'oss thee dusna' do anything like that. A bargain's a bargain and, speaking for mesen, I'm rayght sorry thy Lucy's gone back to thee and sent the other back. Nay, Harry, it'll have to stand, so good night to thee, my man."

With which Harry was forced to be content.

PERHAPS there was some truth in Brushy's remark that he was sorry to have Mrs. Sib back. It certainly became true. Within a week she had put the place in order as much as could be, despite the gipsy's ravages, and despite, too, her own weakness. The stay with Harry had impaired her constitution. She had attacks of giddiness, and the colour in her cheeks would sometimes come and go like the waving of a hand.

Contrition so filled Brushy that he was more than ever compelled to lend a hand with the housework. Not a month had passed before he found himself, as of old, bound hand and foot to household tasks.

One evening his father returned from the fields to find Brushy making a meal for himself in the kitchen, apparently taking joy in spilling crumbs on the table and drops of boiling water on the floor.

"Fayther," Brushy said, "I've come to live with thee again, if thay'll have me. That 'ooman's too good for me."

"Thay't rayght welcome," the old man said. "I'm not surprised. But tell us what's about."

Brushy at last confessed the true story. But even then, when he had finished and the two were contemplating the loss of two hundred pounds and a horse and cart, it was evident that he still had something on his mind. He rubbed his chin and a sly look came into his eyes.

"I was down cellar steps this afternoon. I thought I'd clean house proper afore I come home. I washed steps and dried 'un, and then I give 'un a rayght beeswaxing. Put a fair polish on 'un, I did, to show I were fond of her." He glanced at the clock. "It should have bin the sixteenth chapter o' the second book of Samuel tonight."

In search of THE REAL AMERICA, two young Britons, Elkan and Dorotheen Allan, bought an old bus and drove across the States, seeing conditions for themselves. The second lap of their journey took them to a Negro town . . .

We felt like intruders

by ELKAN ALLAN

"THERE ARE SOME white men who are real nice, sir," the young Negro clerk told me. "Some of them in this town have asked me right into their homes—and even said to 'sit down.' But I'd get out of here if I could, sir; go up North or somewhere, if I hadn't got six kids."

We were in the South. As a person whose skin happened to be coloured white, I felt a dreadful responsibility towards every Negro I met. Without exception they called me "sir" and generally accepted the low position into which they have been thrust.

I got the impression that the white population was genuinely scared of the potential power they represent; and that the restrictive measures, such as insisting on separate compartments in street cars and confining them to the upper circle of those cinemas in which they are allowed, were designed primarily to protect the white man.

"Carry Arms" Warning

This is particularly true in the State of Mississippi, where the Negroes outnumber the whites. There is a slight basis for this fear, for when a Negro gets drunk or otherwise loses his senses he is apt to act belligerently towards the slave-drivers. But this is clearly the result of the repressive measures, rather than the original cause.

We were warned not to walk unarmed along certain all-Negro streets at night, but nothing happened to us when we did go into the Negro quarters of Southern towns. These made up another world, a sort of reversed order, like the negative of a film.

Wax models in the shop-windows had black faces and bodies, hairdressers promised to apply permanent straighteners, not waves. (An advertisement in *Ebony*, the most widely read Negro magazine, stated: "Now your hair can be straight and easy to manage; just use Easydo hair straightener, the new scientific way to straighten your hair right in your own home without the ravages of hot combs or strong caustics containing lye.")

Suspicious Glances

We felt like intruders in this black world and, while there was little colour-bar in reverse, we were watched suspiciously while we stayed.

Negro women seemed to me just about the most beautiful I had ever seen. They have a grace and innocence which is seen most clearly in the children, all with their hair in the traditional piccaninny style, and huge, white eyes.

Not all "Nigras," as they are generally called throughout the South, are badly treated. We stopped for a small repair at one garage and the white man who gave us gas called to his Negro partner to fix it for us. Florence Milton was his name, this Negro told us, and he had a half-share with the white man.

We chatted for a long time and I asked him about voting. "What's the use of me voting?" he asked. "I'd be threatened with beating up by the Klan, maybe even with crucifixion. And when some of the young coloured men did vote, why, the white fellas just didn't count their votes."

Before we left him we got out the remains of a bottle of wine, and Florence Milton, Negro, his white partner, and two travellers from a land of more freedom, drank a toast to the day when American democracy would begin to work.

In the State of Mississippi, Negroes outnumber the white population: "I got the feeling that their potential power genuinely scares the whites"

Windowless Hovels

The deeper we drove into the South, the hotter and more humid the climate became. Out of the swamps came a million mosquitoes, and a rancid smell wafted up from the stagnant waters. Every few miles we passed wretched colonies of shacks, where families of a dozen children played on the rickety porches.

Many of these hovels were just four wooden walls, a shaky roof and a door—without any form of window. For light and air they had to keep the door open, and as we drove by we could look right in their homes and see the bare bedstead where the children slept, crowded together, and the few sticks of furniture which made up a home. Cooking was done on an open fire outside.

This sort of dwelling is the regular pattern of home in the South. In it live families who are too poor to move out. They scratch a barren living off the land round them, and it is they who make up much of the appalling figure of a million American families driven off the land between the two wars.

They are both black and white, but even abject poverty does not usually lead to friendly relationships between them. The poor-whites blame the "Nigras" and the Negroes hate the whites.

Into Sea To Wash

At regular intervals great iron towers flanked the road. At their summits sat fire-watchers, scanning the dry undergrowth for the hint of a forest fire. We hurried to get to the sea and wash. We had no bath in the bus, and hotels wanted half a crown a dip. At last we reached the Gulf of Mexico and a strip of silver Florida beach.

Three times we bathed that day and, with the long drive along the coast to New Orleans ahead, we thought we should be swimming like this every day. But, as we went along, we found the water too dirty to enter again, and that was the last time we swam in the Gulf.

At New Orleans we drew the curtains of the bus and changed into our city clothes for the first time since starting. But the sight of "Jim Crow" tramcars joined with the mosquitoes to drive us out after a few hours' walk round the French Quarter.

So we headed for Texas, where the South becomes the West.

The frontier was unmistakable. On the Mississippi State side were the poor roads and general slovenliness that we had come to expect from the backward South. Once over the State line, the road broadened out into a wide, concrete super-highway, and we were flagged by a uniformed official who welcomed

The Allans decided to Go West. White line shows the journey so far

us, as he does all strangers, to the State of Texas.

He gave us a map showing all the roadside parks that have been planted for campers and travellers such as ourselves. In them we found water and ovens and, just as important in the hot prairie wastes ahead, a few trees and their shade.

Until now we had had to find our own camping grounds. We usually looked for a quiet spot off a side-road, as the sounds of trucks crashing through the night kept us awake when we merely pulled on to the grass verge of a main road. We had to search for a spot that was away from the railways, too, because American trains ring a bell through inhabited places, and sigh out often with their long, melancholy whistles.

The State Comes First

Among the welcoming pamphlets was a comic map of the United States as it looks to a Texan, with Texas taking up three-quarters of the country. This, we found, was merely a graphic way of showing the real Texan attitude. There is aggressive state patriotism everywhere, and it reaches its zenith in the biggest state.

Soon we saw our first oilfield. The tall derricks sprouted all round us and their pumps thumped ceaselessly. Waste oil clogged the ground underfoot and the scene was one of desolation—for it takes only a handful of men to operate square miles of derricks. It was as if the machines had taken over from mankind.

Texas breaks everybody's heart—even a machine's. It stretches hot and flat ahead for four days' average car speed, and after a week of the green prairie receding to every horizon we were pretty tired of the Lone Star State.

One Sunday, the engine thermometer showed consistent overheating, and no matter how much water I poured in, the radiator seemed always empty. Miles between towns, I opened the engine and saw a mechanical mess. The dynamo and fan had fallen on to the radiator, puncturing it in a dozen places.

Church-going Popular

There was nothing for it but to return to the nearest town, twelve miles back. We stopped at every house and begged water for the steaming, constantly overflowing, dripping radiator. Once or twice we helped ourselves at the pump, because the inhabitants of the house were out, probably at church.

When we did get back to the town, the only mechanic who could do the job was at church, too. Church-going seemed more popular all over America than in England. Every church we passed on Sunday mornings had dozens of cars outside—and some rich farmers sometimes fly there in their private aeroplanes.

In a vast country, aeroplanes take on a much greater significance, and many of the sheep-ranchers in the south-west, who became millionaires during the war, use an aeroplane as most people use a car. Seeing a plane land by the side of the road we were driving along, I stopped and ran to it, in case it had crashed. "Oh, no, it's all O.K.," said the smiling young man who climbed from it. "I'm just the foreman of the road gang along here, and I'm making my daily rounds."

Unromantic Cowboys

The mechanic came home, fixed our engine and neatly lopped twenty dollars off our meagre reserve. Then we toiled on through Texas, occasionally seeing some cattle, and even more rarely seeing a cowboy—rather a dirty, unromantic cowboy—riding the range. There was a sense of great loneliness which the speeding automobiles passing us only intensified by their momentary presence.

The surface of the roads was good, better than in most States; for, although we kept mostly to national highways, these are the direct responsibilities of the States they pass through and are often lower than British "B" standard. But they were nearly always straight, stretching like railway lines.

Most of the states impose a speed limit of 55 to 60 m.p.h., but nobody pays much attention to that figure. Through towns 20 m.p.h. is usually the limit, and motorists have to be careful, since many small towns keep their coffers full solely by catching speedsters. But American cars are designed above all else for speed, and most drivers count on some fines as part of the cost of having a car.

Parking fines are another item in the average motorist's budget. The majority of American towns have placed parking meters along their main shopping streets, and motorists are supposed to draw up alongside one of the machines (which look rather like English fire-alarms), insert a nickel or a quarter and turn a handle which sets an arm ticking away their allotted time. At "time-up" a red sign jumps up in signal to the nearest policeman. Hence the fines.

Most of the big supermarkets, however, provided free parking for customers, and I would try to manoeuvre our great bus into their forecourts.

We found shopping in a "piggly-wiggly," as supermarkets are called, a refreshing experience. Almost all grocery stores, even the smallest, are run partly on the help-yourself lines, but the bigger the store the better the system works.

We were given a wire pram on entering and we would go along the stacked shelves and counters picking out exactly what we wanted. The price of everything was marked on the counter *and* the article, and foods were arranged in groups. Butter, milk and cheese stood in glass-fronted refrigerators and the customers opened the doors and took out what they wanted. Fruit and vegetables came side by side with paper bags of various sizes, and we shovelled them in.

Only meat and frozen fish were served by assistants, from behind long, high counters under which sat the raw food in refrigerated splendour. On the way out we passed our filled pram to one assistant while a cashier computed the bill. The prices of food were generally high and, with butter and meat at a dollar a pound, we underwent stricter rationing than in England.

Its quality was often inferior, too. The ready-sliced, ready-wrapped bread, which is put out by the same companies throughout America, tasted and felt more like English cotton-wool than English bakery. So puffed up with air is it that an American one-pound loaf is the same size as an English two-pound loaf. "They take the vitamins out of it," apologized one assistant. "But you can buy those in the drug-store in bottles."

The law states that, once a storekeeper has purchased goods from a manufacturer, he can put what price he likes on them. I have been offered Coca-Cola at five cents, ten cents and fifteen cents for the same bottle in the same town. This makes shopping a nervy affair, comparing every price with those in other stores.

The whole thing is even wilder than this, because every weekend stores advertise in the local papers special reductions in certain branded goods: those of which they have an over-stock. But they do not always change the price-tags in the store itself, so that you have to carry a copy of the newspaper advertisement with you to discover what is cheaper that day.

The first time I noticed a discrepancy between the price in the paper and the price I was charged, I wanted to phone for the police, until a friend explained: "It's reckoned to be up to you, the customer, to insist on the cheapest price in the store. It's nothing to do with anybody else."

Such are American business ethics.

Another means of making people spend more money is in large packaging. Margarine, for instance, is sold only in pound boxes, and milk in quarts.

Every small town is built to the same pattern: Main Street being part of a great highway; the railway tracks, which run alongside the great roads, dividing the town into poor and better-class sections; straight, unyielding streets cutting up the town into monotonous rectangular blocks, containing the same shops and gas-stations, with the same advertising signs supplied in millions by the big companies.

Back Of Beyond

When we came across towns in Texas scores of miles from the next place, and almost the length of Britain away from a sizable city, we wondered how the ordinary folk who made up the population happened to be living in the middle of a waste land. I asked the chatty keeper of the largest store in Santa Rosa, a tiny town on the border of Texas and New Mexico.

"Me? Well, my father came from Russia, went to France, and wrote a letter to his two brothers who had already emigrated to America. One was in San Francisco, the other was in New York. He asked where was the best place to go.

"At that time they were building the railroad, and his brothers had information that Santa Rosa was the town where the line from California was going to join the line from the east. So he came here and bought some land. It turned out his brothers were wrong—there's no big city, there's no railroad even. But I've got a little store, and I'm happy."

Only when we left the towns and drove out into the country could we regain the sense of America's greatness. The land, so rich, rude and alive, seems to atone for the stunted lives of the civilization that perches upon it.

Size alone does not account for the strong feeling of awe every traveller through the land experiences. Its great potentiality is the factor which is so exciting—a promise which the present settlers have far from realized.

NEXT WEEK: High Jinks in Santa Fé

It's help-yourself in America, "but as for prices and quality . . ."

In his hydroplane, *Wicky I*, Alan Darby hurtles through the water at Oulton Broad. Because of the risks, life jackets are regulation wear for pilots

50 m.p.h. water jockey

by JOHN MAY

It takes nerve to race a speedboat. Nerve enough to take a fifty-mile-an-hour ducking and come up more concerned about cracked cylinders than a broken neck

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR before the races begin at Oulton Broad (the freshwater lake just inland from Lowestoft) every speedboat is out on the water warming up. Practising turns, they snarl and skid round the yellow buoys with water flying like cinders at a speedway.

The dull "plunk" of the signal gun from the clubhouse brings the craft roaring in towards the thatched building with its lawn and quay jutting out into the broad waterway. The starter at the club house runs up the Blue Peter, and four red discs appear on the starting board.

The red discs disappear at minute intervals one by one. For the last minute a giant clock ticks off the seconds. Then the board displays a large "GO." Simultaneously the blue and white flag comes down, the starting gun fires, and the scratch boat crosses the line.

Like a rabbit that has been shot at and missed, it races away desperately trying to keep the lead.

As their times clock up, one craft after another crosses the line and takes up the chase. Handicapped sometimes as much as five minutes, the fastest boat of the lot finally gets away. Then the whole two-thirds of a mile circuit becomes a roaring pandemonium of speed and spray.

On the straight, sheer speed tells. Skill and courage show in saving the time-wasting of a wide sweep at the turns. Hurtling towards a buoy with a pack on his heels all jockeying for inside place, the pilot of the little boat needs steady nerves to swing in a sharp broadside skid that may throw him out, and courage to stand up to the threat of swamping by a larger craft.

Officials of the Lowestoft and Oulton Broad Motor Boat Club claim that theirs is "the premier racing club of the British Isles." Since they staged the first race in the early nineteen-thirties, the club has raised its own crop of racing pilots—notably a young engineer, Alan Darby.

The story of Alan Darby's career as a speedster on water begins with a local dentist who did more than anyone to launch speedboat racing at Oulton, and is now the club's president. The "Daredevil Dentist" introduced from America the early version of the hydroplane—a midget craft that looks like a flying tea-tray and goes like a water-borne bullet.

A club backer ordered five outboard motors, and the boat yard behind The Commodore, a local waterside inn, built five hydroplane hulls. The boat-builder who constructed the hulls was Ivan Darby. Ivan raced one of the hydroplanes himself. But keener than anyone in Oulton was Ivan's young brother, Alan.

Mind That Throttle!

When he was twelve, Alan wheedled his brother Ivan to let him take the hydroplane out after race meetings. The condition was: "Don't you open that throttle, me lad, or you come straight in!"

At fifteen Alan became "amateur jockey" for the owner of one of the club's original five. A year later he entered a borrowed hydroplane in the annual international race for the championship of Great Britain.

There were three heats, with points for places, the competitor with the highest aggregate score being winner. Young Alan just missed one of the six prizes by coming seventh with the points he'd won in only two heats. He had tuned his engine so finely for the third race that it burnt a hole through the piston before the start.

War intervened. Alan went into the R.A.F. as an aero engine fitter. When he came back from Malaya, Sumatra, Java and India, he took over the engineering side of the Darby boat-building business. But speedboat racing was in the doldrums. The club had practically no boats and no engines.

Cockpit For Two

The Darby brothers and others puzzled over plans to revive interest. A patron of the club presented them with a ten-horse-power engine and Ivan produced the Darby One design of motor speedboat—an "inboard hydroplane." It had a hull twelve feet six inches long, a small cockpit aft for two people, and was powered by a Ford Ten engine.

Ivan gave the design to the club, which sold blueprints to enthusiasts in many parts of the world. But Alan Darby remained faithful to the outboard-motored hydroplane.

This is the least expensive type of speedboat, comparable in cost with a motorbike. But it is a racing job pure and simple.

It consists of a shallow-draught spoon-like hull of plywood, decked in with canvas. Everything is made as light as possible because speed depends on the power-weight ratio.

The engine and propeller are a complete unit that simply hangs over the stern. The pilot kneels at the wheel on a pad, generally sorbo rubber, and rides the boat like a jockey.

Outboard hydroplanes often shake loose many of the screws in their construction in a short afternoon's racing. The pilot may come in bruised and worn on a rough day. And it is perilously easy for him to turn his craft over. Spring-loaded throttles that automatically cut off the engine and mae-west life jackets for pilots are "regulation" because of such risks.

In 1947 Alan borrowed a utility outboard motor of the kind that is used normally for pushing a yacht or a dinghy. He tuned it up, called his craft *Spitfire* in memory of R.A.F. days, and won the championship.

Then the Darby brothers set to work to design and build a new hydroplane hull, incorporating novel refinements. They planned to cut down sideslip when cornering, to increase speed by minimizing the wetted surface when planing, thus reducing friction, and to stabilize the craft by a three-point contact with the water.

Alan was lucky enough to receive a new 350-c.c. horizontally opposed twin racing engine from the U.S.A. He gave his craft the name of *Wicky I* after the American who sent it.

He entered it in the 1948 race and again won the championship at an average of 35 m.p.h. On the straight he touched fifty.

When I went to Oulton a few weeks ago to see an afternoon's racing, speedboat enthusiasts were already talking about chances for the 1949 championship race on August Bank Holiday, and of Darby's chance of a third win.

An Exciting Turn

That afternoon, in the harbour master's launch, I got a close-up of the final race.

Three hydroplanes came hurtling down to the buoy in the last lap, Alan Darby lying third. "He'll beat 'em on the turn," the harbour master said.

Blinded by spray and sun, the second pilot rounded the buoy none too well. Flinging himself almost overboard to wrench his craft round, Alan swung sharply inside the two others.

Suddenly a fountain of white water exploded to blot out everything. Then two craft were tearing away towards the finishing line, while we hauled Darby out of the water and towed *Wicky I* back to the club house.

"Lucky you didn't break your neck," said the harbour master.

But Alan Darby was more concerned that by taking a high-speed dive he'd managed to save capsizing his craft. "Cold water might have cracked those cylinders," he said.

THUNDER IS THEIR HOBBY

by ARTHUR GAUNT

What are the odds on your being hit by lightning? Where's the best place to go for a storm-free holiday? The "thunder-and-lightning company" can answer you in a flash

WHEN THUNDERSTORMS darken Britain's skies, S. Morris Bower's mail begins to get heavy. The more widespread the storms, the more cards and letters he receives at Langley Terrace, Oakes, Huddersfield.

They come from Britain's peacetime sky-watchers, the 3,000 men and women whose hobby is tracking thunder and reporting its movements.

When Bower began his "useless pastime" in 1924, few people regarded it as having practical applications. They considered it odd when he built an eyrie at the top of some trees near his home, to get a better view of the skyscape.

Yet the surveys made by the Thunderstorm Census Organization, as Bower's nationwide enterprise is now called, are today recognized by the Meteorological Office. They are used by the professions, commerce, and the wider spheres of science.

Besides receiving reports from all over Britain, Bower makes hourly observations during daylight, and the results are passed to the Air Ministry. He and his staff prepare an annual report, issue maps and books, and act as consultants on problems concerning thunder and lightning.

The maps have more than academic interest. From them, for instance, people who are scared of storms can pick the best places to spend a holiday.

The Wash and the East Riding of Yorkshire are comparatively "safe" zones, but Norfolk is notorious as a thunder area. East Anglia, indeed, is the breeding-place of many displays of meteorological fireworks. The west coasts of Scotland and Ireland are further hotspots, but a fifty-mile strip of England running south-west from the Wash is singularly immune.

Honorary observers work for the Thunderstorm Census Organization in every county of the United Kingdom, in Eire, and even aboard ships at sea. They include manual workers, professional men, students, clergymen, postmen, schoolmasters, shopkeepers, and lighthouse men.

How Many Flashes?

They report the date, time, and location of every thunderstorm observed in their neighbourhood. They add notes about its severity, its duration and direction, changes in temperature, and the number of lightning flashes.

Reports reach Bower at an average rate of fifty a day over the whole year, and from the details he and his staff plot the path of each storm on large-scale maps until it peters out.

Sometimes several storms are occurring simultaneously over different parts of Britain. That means plotting a complicated meteorological jigsaw. The storms are traced to and fro, as they overlap, recede, and perhaps return again. Altogether, says Bower, anything up to 900 thunderstorms may develop over the United Kingdom in the course of each year.

Bower collects data about the effects of lightning, and studies reports of thunderstorm casualties abroad, as well as in Britain, in order to discover the best means of protection.

One odd fact is that in the Transvaal, where terrific thunderstorms often occur, the natives are seldom struck while *running* for shelter. Those walking or actually sheltering take a bigger risk.

If lightning does strike, it is by no means certain that the victim will be killed or seriously injured. Although lightning runs on at least 1,000,000 volts (roughly 4,000 times the voltage of the domestic electricity supply) persons have been struck by this enormous charge and suffered little harm.

As to protecting buildings, the T.C.O. has proved that it is nearly useless to attach a lightning conductor unless it is earthed in water or continually damp ground.

Research at Huddersfield, into this and allied matters, has been of increasing value to insurance companies. It has enabled them to assess more accurately the "lightning risk" of buildings, and has even helped to expose false claims for compensation.

Building That Collapsed

There was a case concerning premises which partly collapsed during the night. The owners declared that the building had been struck by lightning and demanded that repairs be paid for under an insurance policy.

The T.C.O. records were consulted. It was learned that, although a severe storm *had* passed across the county on that date, it had not passed near enough to strike the insured premises. The owners then admitted that the property had been in bad repair for some time and that it had probably collapsed from sheer old age.

These commercial investigations have become a specialized study, and each branch is in charge of an expert, dealing with struck trees, damaged radio sets, personal injuries, and so on. Other specialists have explored the effect of thunderstorms on radio transmission and electric power lines.

The maps issued from Huddersfield show at a glance the areas most subject to electrical disturbances, and electrical firms use them to determine which regions to avoid in installing certain types of apparatus.

Where To Shelter

The safest place during a storm is indoors in any ordinary building. Whether the oak is the most dangerous tree to shelter under scientists cannot say. What they do say is that though most trees struck by lightning in Britain (about 100 a year) are oaks, this may be simply because the oak is so common.

In fact, Bower and his colleagues do not recommend sheltering under *any* kind of tree in a thunderstorm. If you *must* do so, keep away from the trunk.

The idea that lightning is attracted by bright metals is now known to be unfounded. Not only has brightness no influence at all, but to deflect the 1,000,000 volts any metal object would have to be well above the ground, like a lightning conductor.

But it is inadvisable to shelter near a wire fence, iron railings, or anything built of corrugated iron. And it is wise to avoid standing on a wet surface.

When the storm is at full blast, it is comforting to know that of the three kinds of lightning, one (sheet lightning) is harmless, being just the reflection of distant forked lightning, while ball lightning—or the "thunderbolt"—is rare over Britain.

Still more comforting is the fact that the T.C.O. files show that the chances of being struck by lightning in Great Britain are about one in 2,500,000.

The meek shall inherit

Mrs. Bulstrode's cruelty didn't end with her death. It was the kind that could strike more subtly from the grave

by BRETON AMIS

The police constable cleared his throat and fidgeted with his chin-strap. "I have come to make inquiries . . ."

MISS FREECE HAD KILLED her employer. Not intentionally, although she had sometimes had wonderful dreams of poisoning Mrs. Bulstrode, or tampering with the steering gear of the car, or blocking the vent of the bathroom geyser.

She had given notice and Mrs. Bulstrode had died on the spot, in this huge and hideous room. The red, aggressive face had gone purple; the small brown eyes, like shiny chocolate drops, had opened so wide that for the first time in twenty years Miss Freece had seen the whites. Then Mrs. Bulstrode had clutched at her breast and fallen to the floor with a crash that had rattled the china in the corner cupboards. She had fallen on her face, and her thick coil of grey hair had unrolled slowly across the beige carpet, like a steel rope.

Heart failure, the doctor had said. He and the chauffeur and the gardener had carried that fifteen-stone body up to the bedroom, where the bed springs had creaked and gone on creaking as if Mrs. Bulstrode were still alive.

But she was dead, and the doctor had told Miss Freece she need not go up—cook and cook's sister would see to everything.

The doctor knew Miss Freece was a coward. Mrs. Bulstrode had told him.

"Freece walks in fear. She won't go out alone in the dark—though heaven alone knows why. She screams at mice, but cats give her the creeps. She's afraid of losing her job, afraid of keeping it because I bully her. She's afraid of living, but, more than anything, she's afraid of dying."

And, laughing boisterously, Mrs. Bulstrode had asked the doctor if Miss Freece's puffy yellowness was due to liver, jaundice or just pure funk.

Sometimes Mrs. Bulstrode, who had been twice widowed, became much more personal.

"Spinsters like you have never even *lived*, Freece. I ought to send you out alone on a very dark night. From what one reads in the papers, it would be about your only chance."

And now she was deadweight on the feather mattress, the chocolate-drop eyes closed for ever. . . .

They had been sitting in this overheated room, the fire roaring, Japanese screens shutting off any draughts from the doors, stifling velvet curtains drawn across the windows. Generally, Mrs. Bulstrode's nightly game of patience kept her quiet for half an hour, but the cards had been going too well for her, and she swept them irritably into the drawer of the octagonal card table.

"You've had that book open at the same page for twenty minutes, Freece. I don't believe you can read—certainly you can't read aloud. You failed to learn the simple rules of piquet and cribbage. You can't talk; you can't even look intelligent. You can't cook, and if you take up a duster you lose half a month's wages in smashed china. As a companion, you are about as companionable to me as this set of firearms, though you aren't as useful or as ornamental. Why do I keep you?"

"I can embroider," Miss Freece said defensively.

"You can embroider," Mrs. Bulstrode had purred in agreement. "In twenty years you have embroidered four yellow satin cushions with sprays of pink dog roses in the corners. There they are, on the settee, where I can look at them and laugh—or shudder."

A faint flush touched Miss Freece's sallow cheeks.

"I think they are very pretty. I think they add a touch of colour to the room."

"Are you capable of thought, Freece?"

Miss Freece had hardly known whether she was, but . . . she could dream, when left alone. Rose-pink, yellow satin dreams of a tiny shop on a smart parade near the sea, its window gay with fine silks, multi-coloured skeins of wool, reels of cotton in pretty boxes with transparent lids, coarse canvases patterned for embroidery, raffia, and paper patterns and knitting leaflets. A shop where sweet-voiced ladies would linger to turn the patterns and talk about the weather, the visitors, or the lovely yellow cushion, embroidered with peacock butterflies, which would be the window's show-piece. . . .

"Dreaming again, Freece? You'd better go to bed. Before you go, I want you to run down to the village and post a letter for me."

"But the post has gone!"

"I know the post has gone. I also know there is a 7 a.m. collection, and I wish the letter to go by it."

"Then I'll get up early, and——"

"You always oversleep. Your liver, I think. You'll take the letter now."

"Please! Rogers would take it——"

"Rogers has plenty of work to do; you have none. Are you arguing with me, Freece, or—are you afraid?"

The night was dark and stormy, with rain lashing against the windows. The long lane to the village had whispering hedgerows and pools of dense blackness.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Bulstrode, I—I can't!"

"Do you mean you won't? Which would you rather face, a short walk in the night air or the prospect of looking for another job—at *your* age and with *your* accomplishments?"

Mrs. Bulstrode had risen. Her shadow was enormous, but less terrifying than the shadows which would be moving along the lonely road. The dancing flames of the fire reflected in her eyes, and she was smiling. She took the letter from the pocket of her loose blue cardigan and held it out.

"You are going to the post, Freece," she said. "I'm tired of your jittering, and from now on I'm going to give myself the pleasure of fashioning a human being from soft yellow soap. Don't run. I shall time you—ten minutes there, ten minutes back—and if you should meet with adventure on the way it will at least be something for us to talk about—presuming you survive."

Miss Freece had felt herself being drawn to her feet by the compelling power of those eyes. Small drops of perspiration had broken out on her

upper lip and she could hear her teeth chattering.

"Don't forget your umbrella," Mrs. Bulstrode said. "So useful."

Her laugh had set the glass tears on the mantel jangling, and the noise had gone on and on in Miss Freece's mind until her brain had miraculously cleared and become cold, hard and shining, like the glass tears themselves.

She heard her own voice, crystal clear.

"You wicked, wicked woman! For twenty years you have given me hell on earth in this hateful, ugly house, but now, thank God, it's over! I leave tomorrow. As for your letter, take it yourself, or better still——"

She had snatched the letter from Mrs. Bulstrode's outstretched hand, crumpled it into a ball, and thrown it furiously on the fire.

In the awful silence that followed, her mind had misted over again. Fears swam through its opaque depth like phantom fish, first singly, then in shoals. Mrs. Bulstrode seemed to swell till her vast bulk filled the room, forcing out the air and leaving them in a vacuum of hate. Mauve veins patterned the bulging cheeks and the whites of those small brown eyes had glistened like phosphorus.

Then Mrs. Bulstrode's clenched fists had pressed convulsively into her heaving bosom and she had fallen. . . .

THAT had been yesterday, and today Mrs. Bulstrode's sisters were arriving for the funeral tomorrow.

Miss Freece knew them. They were replicas of Mrs. Bulstrode — massive, arrogant, cruel. They would go through the inventory locked in the bureau, checking silver, china, bed linen—even the four satin cushions. If anything was missing, they would deduct it from the month's wages due to her, as Mrs. Bulstrode would have done.

But nothing was missing—Miss Freece was sure of that. The household accounts were in order because Mrs. Bulstrode kept them herself. Money for current expenses was in the japanned box in the bureau, and in the bowl of pot-pourri. . . .

Miss Freece looked at the squat bowl of trellised porcelain, from which the heat of the room was drawing a stale fragrance.

"One of these nights we shall have burglars," Mrs. Bulstrode had said, long ago. "Which would be the most unlikely place for a burglar to look for money, do you think?"

Miss Freece had shivered, knowing the question had been put to frighten her. She answered at random: "In the pot-pourri bowl, perhaps?"

Mrs. Bulstrode had let out a hateful, boisterous laugh.

"What an animal you are, Freece! You suggest the pot-pourri bowl because the instinct of self-preservation tells you that a large stoppered ornament would be the first likely hiding place to catch a burglar's eye, and therefore you would lie safe in bed, intact in body and soul at my expense. All right, it shall be the pot-pourri bowl. A secret known only to you and me—and the burglar."

Mrs. Bulstrode had fastened rubber bands round the fat roll of £5 notes and hidden it in the middle of the mound of dead petals. She gave no reason for having so much money in the house; the reason was obvious to Miss Freece. While that money was in the bowl she would have no sleep. Every noise in the night would be the burglar. . . .

"If you are worried about it, you can take it to your room at night." And Mrs. Bulstrode had laughed again.

The money was still there. Enough for two years or longer, at a cheap boarding-house. Enough, with the £80 Miss Freece had saved over twenty years, to open a little silks shop.

It would be theft. And Mrs. Bulstrode couldn't be trusted, even in death. The secret might be known to others. It might be a deliberate temptation, to trap Miss Freece into stealing so that she should be punished while Mrs. Bulstrode lay laughing in her grave.

But Mrs. Bulstrode had expected to live, not to die. "You've no blood in your veins, Freece. You'll be put out of your misery long before you qualify for a spinster's pension, but I come from a long-living family."

Would it be theft? Did twenty years of uncomplaining service call for no reward? Twenty years as the whetting-stone on which Mrs. Bulstrode had daily stropped the razor-edge of her cruelty?

A silks shop on a parade by the sea, with ladies coming in to gossip and turn over the patterns. A long nightmare changed into a happy dream come true. . . .

Two hours later, Mrs. Bulstrode's sisters arrived.

"This room smells musty," said the elder. "Just like death."

"It's the pot-pourri," said the younger. "The petals are scattered. Miss Freece, you might at least have troubled to keep the room as tidy as our sister would wish it to be. And I think we had better tell you—we won't be able to keep you on."

"I quite understand," Miss Freece said quietly. "I have made arrangements to leave immediately after the funeral."

* * *

The hanks of silk that hung from brass rods in the window of The Silk Shop had lost their pristine glow; the skeins of wool had faded into dinginess; the squares of canvas patterned faintly in blue had the pathetic limpness of the unwanted.

During the first few exciting weeks, the shop bell had tinkled often. Some came out of curiosity, to see who had taken over the shop; some came to make small purchases. They so often asked for what Miss Freece hadn't in stock that she made long lists, lost the lists, and ordered what she herself would like.

She had no system, no eye for matching colours, and no notion of how times had changed. Her accounts became more confused; her efforts at stocktaking left her in a muddled panic, and the anxious, yellowish face, peeping from between the knitting patterns, almost stopped the thin trickle of trade.

The Parade was noted for its failures. The Silk Shop had changed hands more than any other.

Miss Freece knew why she was failing. Mrs. Bulstrode was still casting the evil eye on her, mocking at her frantic efforts to keep herself, sardonically awaiting the inevitable consequences of the theft.

She could hear Mrs. Bulstrode saying, "You can't last out another month, Freece. What then? Why don't you stick one of those long steel needles through your heart and join me again? I'll tell you why. Because you're afraid. You're a coward, Freece. You always have been."

"I wasn't afraid to steal your money," Miss Freece heard herself murmuring in defiance.

"You were terrified. At the funeral your heart was making more noise than the church bell. And dangling inside your skirt was the absurd canvas bag with my money in it. You went straight from my funeral to the station. For three days you travelled in circles, in case you were followed, and with one of your brilliant flashes of inspiration you bought the shop under the name of Miss F. Reece. Miss F. Reece! As ingenious as hiding the money in the pot-pourri bowl. A thief got the money, just as the police will get you. Where you languished in misery, you now exist in terror."

And Miss Freece heard that monstrous laugh again.

The doorbell rang.

A POLICE constable came in slowly, closing the door behind him and almost filling the shop. He looked down at Miss Freece, and she looked up at him. Again, the mists had miraculously cleared as one surging wave of terror washed over her mind.

This was the end and she was glad—glad because, whatever her punishment, it meant escape.

She stood up, her brittle fingers pressed on the counter.

The constable cleared his throat and fidgeted with his chin-strap. He had been commissioned to buy the wedding present for an unpopular sergeant, and she couldn't be asking more than £3 for that hideous yellow satin cushion with the butterflies on it.

"I have come to make inquiries——"

"I know," said Miss Freece calmly. "I stole the money. It was hidden in the pot-pourri bowl, and I stole it after Mrs. Bulstrode had died. I knew you would find me."

* * *

"But Miss Freece," said the lawyer, "don't you understand? As yet, you have committed no *legal* offence. Under Mrs. Bulstrode's will, her entire estate is left to you, on conditions. Therefore you were only guilty of—er—helping yourself to your own money. We have been searching for you for six months, advertising in the papers——"

"I never read the papers," said Miss Freece dully.

"Well, as I have said, you haven't yet committed any crime. I say 'yet' because there is a condition in the will that you must live in Mrs. Bulstrode's house. If you refuse, the estate passes to her sisters, in which case I am very much afraid you might be held guilty of theft from them."

He leaned forward with a touch of impatience.

"Do you understand?"

Miss Freece nodded.

"I've got to go back," she whispered. "I always knew she would never let me go. I gave notice, but I always knew she would never let me go."

"Now you're both quite sure you have your handkerchiefs?"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Worth Counting

YOU may remember the old hymn that says:

Count your blessings, count them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord has done.

Whoever wrote that knew people. There's great wisdom in his use of that word "surprise." For a distressing tendency of the mind is to remember evil and forget good. It's an almost incurable habit.

Such unbalanced thinking is unfair to ourselves. It loads our minds with unnecessary worries and fears.

I'm quite sure that in any one day the number of pleasant things that happen to us far outnumber the unpleasant.

It would certainly surprise us and do us a lot of good if we would sometimes sit down quietly and check up on this.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Michael Carr (at piano) and Jack Golden. "Tunes are ten a penny," says Carr. "It's new ideas that count"

Song-writing is a duet

by LAWRENCE EARL

Song-writers like to write in pairs: one for the lyrics, one for the melody. And though the song may start at the end and work backwards, the words and music must be a perfect match

MICHAEL CARR, a forty-four year old featherweight with a concave face and a broken nose, looks more like an ex-boxer than a song-writer. Yet Carr, born in Leeds and raised in Dublin, is a giant in the song world. He has written such June-moon-croon epics as "South of the Border," "Hang Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line," "Dinner For One, Please James" and "Old Faithful."

The long list of his creative accomplishments impresses Mike's friends. It fails to impress him..

"The easiest part of song writing," he declares, "is the actual writing of the song."

He refers, of course, to the naturally sceptical reception almost any new song gets from a publisher, who must first be sufficiently impressed with its chances of becoming a money-maker to want to buy it and exploit it. Every now and then, however, a song is written which is so novel, so timely or so catchy that even a blasé buyer is anxious to grab it.

Some weeks ago Carr and his song-writing partner, Jack Golden, went to see Danny Kaye performing. They thought he was terrific. The partners returned to their respective homes and Mike went straight to bed.

At three o'clock in the morning his phone rang. It was Golden. "I've got a wonderful idea about Danny Kaye," he announced.

"Are you crazy?" Carr demanded. "Do you realize what time it is?"

Golden glossed over the interruption. "The title of my idea," he said, "is 'Oh Kaye, Danny!'"

Mike, who prides himself on the ability to recognize a natural when it stares him in the face, promptly lost all idea of sleep. "That's different," he said. "I'll be right over."

He dressed, took a taxi, and at a quarter to four, the pair went to work, playing very softly on the piano lest they waken Golden's wife, Irene, and their seven-month-old baby, Butch.

Promptly at six thirty—as usual—Butch began to cry for his breakfast. Jack and Mike, who were beginning to feel the pangs of hunger also, took turns parading the youngster back and forth until Irene got up and made the baby his bottle.

"Then," Mike relates, "she fed *us* and everybody was happy. We had finished the song just as Butch had begun to cry. We took it to the publisher right away and by ten thirty it was sold."

According to Carr, the important bridge to cross in song-writing is the initial one of getting a novel idea, or, failing that, a fresh slant on an old one. This applies particularly to lyrics.

"Then," says Mike, "the melody man scans the lyrics and goes to work on the tune. But often the music comes first. You get a piece of an air, an eight-bar phrase, that's so good it practically works itself out.

"Or maybe the last twenty-five per cent of a number comes first and you have to fight your way back to see how to start it. 'South of the Border' was like that."

It's A Gift

When the music comes first, the lyricist goes over and over the melody and sometimes the tune seems to sing the words right into his head. Carr, who gets as many as a hundred letters a week from would-be song-writers, is sure of one thing: you can't learn how to write songs.

"It's a gift," he states flatly. "You have it or you haven't."

He has written both lyrics and melody to many a song, but Mike prefers to collaborate. Ideas and the lyrics that spring from them are the hardest part of the actual writing, he says.

"Tunes are ten a penny, but sometimes Jack and I battle for four weeks over one line of a lyric. The words and music have to be perfectly wedded and, no matter how easily and naturally they may seem to blend in the finished product, this usually means hard work."

When Mike was only a year old his father and mother moved to Dublin, where he lived until he was twenty-one. His father, a well-to-do bookmaker, looked after Mike almost too well.

He had a good schooling but no profession or trade and had never turned his hand to work. "I got fed up bumming around Ireland," he says, "and in 1926 I went to New York."

Cabin Boy

His method of getting there was a strange melange from the works of Horatio Alger and G. A. Henty. Getting a job as cabin boy in a Swedish windjammer named, as best he can recall, the *Svenda*, he sailed to Las Palmas in the Canary Islands, Calcutta, the East Indies, New Zealand, and around the Horn to Boston, Massachusetts. ("Have you even gone around the Horn in winter in a windjammer?" he asks. "Cold? It's murder!")

At Boston he missed his ship and went on to New York to visit an aunt. He stayed in the city doing odd jobs, which included dish-washing, being night man in a garage, waiting at table, being cook for a road gang.

When he talks about cooking his eyes light up behind his plastic-rimmed spectacles, and before an

interviewer is aware that a digression is under way he gives his favourite recipe for spaghetti Bolognaise.

("Most important is the sauce. Take half a whisky glass of purée of tomato juice, half a whisky glass of ketchup. Stew six peeled tomatoes slowly, adding the juice and the ketchup. After two hours add finely chopped stewing meat and continue at a simmer two or three more hours. Use a bay leaf and, if you like it, a touch of garlic.")

In the next few years he hitch-hiked and rode the rods all over the United States and down into Mexico. In this period of hobo life he found that his best friend was his British passport.

Nasty Moment

"Once in Cheyenne, Wyoming, I was hauled off a freight train by a yard cop who carried a big club. I thought he was going to beat me with it, but when I told him my story and showed him my passport he was kindness itself.

"He took me to the station, gave me food and a place to sleep. Next morning he arranged with a lorry driver to take me 500 miles on my way."

In Florida he got a job as lighting assistant in *Palm Beach Girl*, a Bebe Daniels film, and remained behind to sell speedboats. His commissions as a salesman, at a time when money flowed freely as ocean waves, were enormous, and one memorable week he earned almost £800.

With cash in his pocket at last, he travelled to Los Angeles, where he had relatives, but he had barely arrived when a cablegram came from Dublin with the news that his mother was dying. Immediately he returned to Ireland and was overjoyed to find that she had staged a miraculous recovery.

To celebrate, he looked around for new friends, met and promptly fell in love with a blue-eyed girl called Aideen. Just as promptly he wrote his first song—also called "Aideen." But the girl married someone else, so Mike shelved it.

Same Song, New Title

Back in England and broke once more, he wrote new lyrics to the "Aideen" melody, renamed it, and sold it outright to a song and dance act for £5. The song proved a success and although Carr made no money out of it the publisher, Irwin Dash, contacted him and signed him to a contract. For Dash, after a period of feeling his way, he wrote "Old Faithful" and the melody of "The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken" and "The Girl with the Dreamy Eyes."

When his contract ran out, he signed with Peter Maurice and Jimmy Kennedy and teamed with Kennedy as a music and lyrics combination. Carr wrote the music.

The pair were well matched, and together they wrote some wonderful songs, including "South of the Border," "Home Town" and "Did Your Mother Come from Ireland?" Carr was on top of the popular musical world.

With the war, he and Kennedy wrote "Hang Out the Washing," and the two joined the Army. For a number of years Mike didn't care if he never wrote another song, but in 1946 he tried his hand again.

Something was missing. Kennedy had gone to America after the war and, although he looked around, Carr couldn't find anyone as congenial to work with.

Then, only a few months ago, while writing "Casa Casina," the finale number for *Latin Quarter*, he ran into an old friend, Jack Golden, who had written five of the show's songs. The two decided to join forces.

Golden, an American, is, according to Mike, "more British than the British." War years excepted, he has for a long time spent part of each year in this country, first coming here as Harry Richman's pianist. He recalls one of his visits with Richman with a shudder.

On June 8, 1938, Richman and Golden were commanded by the King and Queen to sing and play for them at a private dinner. As a non-Briton Jack had been well coached on behaviour in the presence of Royalty, but after the dinner and entertainment were over he was busy over his piano, putting his music away, when he felt a gentle tap on his shoulder.

He turned and was embarrassed to find himself face to face with the smiling Queen, to whom he had not yet been presented. She thanked him graciously for playing.

"I was so flustered," Golden admits, "that instead of bowing I curtsied! I still blush!"

Vice-versa Team

About a year and a half ago, Jack met and married an English girl, Irene Perkins, of Feltham, Middlesex, which has solidified his abstract ties to this country.

"This Carr-Golden team is going to be a terrific success," Jack declares, and Mike nods emphatically.

"Ours," says Carr, "is a true collaboration. Jack and I can each write both words and music. He is also an arranger and plays the piano beautifully and has been a conductor."

They have just finished eight songs. Three of these ("How True," a love number; "Don't Baby Baby, Baby's Wise to You"; and "On a Cobble-stoned Street," a mother ballad without mother) are promising enough to be big hits—with luck.

Once, just after the war, Mike was playing the piano in a West End club when a Canadian soldier walked in. He marched over to Carr.

"Got any of my music?" he asked. "I'd like you to play some."

"Who are you?" Mike asked.

"Michael Carr."

Somewhat taken aback to meet himself face to face, Mike nevertheless had the presence of mind to shake his head almost imperceptibly when some of his friends were about to unmask the masquerader.

"Which of your songs would you like to hear?" he asked respectfully.

The Canadian went down a long list of Carr titles. Mike nodded, played some of them, bought the soldier a drink and saw him to the door. He was kindness personified.

"What else could I do?" Mike asks with a twinkle in his eye. "Obviously the fellow was a lover of good music."

I'm all set for a perfect holiday

by HERBERT HODGE

MY HOLIDAY PROBLEM for this summer has at last been solved. I've got no need to worry any more about the best place to go, or the best thing to do, or whether I can really afford to go away for a holiday at all. I've just received a letter offering me free accommodation at a nearby resort.

"Dear Sir," it says. "Arrangements have now been made for you to be admitted to Ward. . . . You are requested to bring pyjamas or night-dress, if available. On your arrival

Arguing with landladies . . .

hand this letter to the Sister-in-Charge. . . ."

So, by the time this appears in print, I expect to be enjoying a holiday in bed. There's nothing very serious the matter with me. I'm going in not so much to be cured as to be improved upon.

While other people are rushing about, spending their hard-earned savings on an equally hard-won holiday — scrambling for trains, sweating with luggage, arguing with landladies, worrying about the children, getting bitten by gnats, and generally suffering all the excruciating pangs of normal holidaymaking — I shall be lying dreamily on my back without a care in the world, and with lovely women waiting on me hand and foot.

My ideal holiday is summed up in the old nursery rhyme:

Come, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-head;
Tarry awhile, says Slow;
Put on the pot,
Says Greedy-gut,
Let's sup before we go.

To my mind, the great beauty of a holiday in hospital (provided there's nothing very much the matter with you) is that you can lie there repeating that soothing little poem to yourself all day.

You can follow the advice of tarrying awhile about almost everything. It's a lovely feeling, after the hustle and bustle of normal life. Even the great decision of whether to open one eye or two can be gently tarried with for hours, in the pleasant consciousness that there's absolutely no hurry at all.

Besides, while you're tarrying with eyes closed you're aware that somewhere in another part of the building kind and skilful women are busily putting on the pots and cooking good things to eat; and that soon you'll hear a pleasant clattering and clinking in the distance and the soft sound of rubber-tyred wheels coming nearer and nearer until they stop by your bed, and there's the unmistakable chink of a plate being put on a tray.

When that happens, the great decision can be postponed no longer. You have to open both eyes at once—on the glorious sight of dinner.

Of course, I know this isn't everybody's idea of a holiday. Many people seem to prefer the holiday camp version—with never a dull moment. I've never tried it, but from what I've heard I'm inclined to believe that kind of place would drive me crazy — probably because I so seldom have a dull moment during my working days.

I've often thought that if I had the money I'd start a new kind of holiday camp — where everybody, no matter what their needs, could have a complete rest and change; moral, mental and physical. It would have to be on an island, I suppose, so as to be well away from everywhere.

And no two people from the same district would be allowed there at the same time. No one would need to worry about what their neighbours might think—a very important point, considering the kind of camp mine would be.

Once there, everybody would be as different from their workaday selves as they liked. Temperance lecturers, for instance, could wallow in free beer, and drunkards give lectures on temperance. Charwomen could sit about like duchesses, and duchesses could do

Duchesses could char . . .

a bit of charring. Spinsters could look after families of children, and tired mothers could play with pet dogs.

Everybody could exercise the suppressed part of themselves — and so build up new hope and energy for their ordinary tasks.

Not that I expect anything like this to happen. But it might be something pleasant to think about while I'm in hospital.

On second thoughts, though, I don't think I shall think. While I'm at it, I may as well go the whole hog, and be just a body.

HE WASHES THE FAMOUS

Bathing an elephant is small stuff for the man who keeps the Albert Memorial clean, gets Queen Anne regularly oiled, and sees that Abe Lincoln's trousers are respectable

by MARY BENEDETTA

IT WAS IN the early days of the war, when the Duke of York's statue was having one of its periodical cleans, that a G.I. stopped, stared up, and called: "Hey, what's he doing?" "Spot of fire-watching: same as Nelson," answered Oliver Oldfield.

For Oldfield is something of a Cockney wit, as well as a royal statue washer. With six others, he has a full-time job cleaning the 113 London statues which belong to the Crown, and the 195 odd guns, busts and bronze plaques.

Before the war there were thirteen London statue washers, but when many of the statues were evacuated during the blitz, most of the men were put on other jobs. Today, only two remain of the old team: Oliver Oldfield and Charlie Fornier, and they have been washing statues for twenty-eight and forty years respectively.

New Boy: Roosevelt

Charles I, in Trafalgar Square, is the oldest and one of the most valuable of their jobs. The newest are: Roosevelt, in Grosvenor Square Gardens, and the recently unveiled addition to the Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner. George V, in Parliament Square, is another comparatively new one.

The second oldest is Charles II, who stands on the lawn at Chelsea Hospital, and was cast in 1692. Queen Anne, standing in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, is the only lead statue. It was erected at the end of the eighteenth century, though nobody knows when it was made.

The highest statue the washers have to climb is that of the Duke of York, 137 feet. They get up to it by an inside staircase which leads to the coping at the base of the figure. Then they prop a forty-four foot ladder against the Duke's head, where there is only just room for it. And the really difficult part is in moving from one side of the statue to another.

Wet weather is welcome to Oldfield and his mates, because it saves carrying up buckets of water, but they hate wind. In a gale, a statue washer has to tie himself to the ladder, which in turn is lashed to the statue. Oliver once fell off the ladder while working on Abraham Lincoln, but landed between two surprised colleagues with nothing worse than a cut lip and a bruised knee.

The whole of Trafalgar Square, with all its statues and basins, comes under their charge, but only steeplejacks climb the 185 feet to the top of Nelson's Column. Even they do not go up often, and when they do, they take an astonishing weight of dirt off the top of the admiral's head. The washers go as high as the base of the column once a quarter.

Mystery Of The Goldfish

Ponds and basins around statues make up quite a large part of the job. The ponds round the Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park have to be cleaned out six times a year and skimmed every fortnight with a net. The Trafalgar Square basins are cleaned out fortnightly, and the men say people have an odd habit of putting their unwanted goldfish in the basins; which is even more odd considering the price of goldfish.

The longest and most complicated job is cleaning the Albert Memorial, not only because of its height, but also because of the intricate detail of the sculpture. The top part has not been done since before the war, because of the lack of both time and scaffolding.

The Victoria Memorial outside Buckingham Palace takes a month to clean, with all the men working on it. The job includes all the lamps in the Mall, which are part of the memorial.

Peter Pan, in Kensington Gardens, and the frog fountain in Regent's Park, are the smallest statues that Oliver has to work on. "Once," he says, "we found a bar of chocolate on Peter Pan every morning for a week, and the nurses told us that a little boy and girl left it for Peter Pan to have at night."

Apart from Peter Pan, probably the most beautiful statue in their care is the Goat-herd's Daughter, near St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park. The most grotesque is outside Somerset House: a colossal figure of Neptune, or Father Thames, reclining with his arm on an urn.

Behind him is a cornucopia, and behind that again is George III in Roman dress, leaning on a rudder with a lion on one side and a Roman vessel on the other.

In an office tucked away in one of the buildings overlooking the Yard at St. James's Palace there is a record book of all the statues. Underneath each are such remarks as: "Dusted four times per annum, felted four times per annum."

The dusting is done with a light brush. Felting means rubbing the statue with a felt pad about half an inch thick.

Mustn't Look Too New

Bronze statues are washed first with a bristle brush; then, to strip off all the black, they are treated with a solution of ammonia, after which they look much too new, so they are allowed to darken before their final treatment with lanoline.

Sandstone statues, which stand up best to the London atmosphere, and marble ones, which are liable to expand and contract with changes of temperature and need repairs to their joints, are both dusted with a dry brush and then shampooed with soap powder.

Sometimes, if the statue is very dirty, the cleaners use pumice stone; but a great part of their art lies in not washing an old statue too clean and thus removing the dignity of age.

Queen Anne, made of lead, has to be cleaned with oil, and Peter Pan gets an elaborate treatment with beeswax and turpentine.

Thirty-eight times a year the cleaners take down the Cenotaph flags to be washed. New flags are put up before Armistice Day and the King's birthday. The old flags are sent to the Imperial War Museum, to be passed on to the British Legion or Boy Scouts.

Oliver Oldfield, in the course of his twenty-eight years on the job, has collected plenty of anecdotes. Abraham Lincoln, standing in front of his chair, has inspired passing taxi-drivers to shout to Oliver to "tell him to sit down—you can get at him better." And once Oliver was handed 10s. by a passer-by who liked the way his favourite statues were kept clean.

"Spit" Image

But his favourite memory is of the old lady who beckoned him while he was polishing Sir Robert Peel in Parliament Square. When Oliver had got down from his perch the old lady, with tears pouring down her cheeks, said: "He's so like my poor, dead husband."

But the tears were obviously stimulated by gin. Soon after he had returned to his polishing, Oliver saw the old lady being led away by one of the bobbies to whom Sir Robert gave his name.

Oldfield gives Peter Pan good rub behind ears with turps mixture

A SORT OF TRAITORS

by NIGEL BALCHIN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Sir Guthrie Brewer's wheedling tone, his smiling offer that seemed on reflection so much like an ugly bribe: really, this was almost the last straw. Bob Marriott put through a phone call. And Professor Sewell started rapidly writing a vital letter

PROFESSOR SEWELL, head of the Haughton Laboratory, had a devoted team of research workers. Individually and collectively they realized the importance of the work that they were doing. That work was nothing less than the means of controlling epidemics; something which, if successful, would save millions of human lives.

The research was going well, but Sewell was undecided about publishing its results.

Sewell was a strange mixture of contradictions. Brilliant technically, and passionately devoted to his work, he was yet a bit of an actor who loved to play the distinguished scientist and gloried in being lionized. Pruning his life of all emotional relationships, he had long since left his wife, a shallow chattering woman by whom he had one daughter, Mab, now married to Ralph Peach, a civil servant. Sewell was fond of Mab, who told him frankly that he was toying with human lives in his utter dedication to his scientific work.

Sewell's team included Shole, his right-hand man; Bob Marriott, a rather adolescent young biologist; and Lucy Byrne, with whom Marriott was attempting to have an affair.

Lucy Byrne's private life had been wrecked when her fiancé, Ivor Gates, had come back from the war minus both arms. Now she lived with him, looked after him hand and foot, and put up as best she could with the jealous masochistic rages into which he flew if Lucy took a drink with Marriott, or was a few minutes late in coming home.

At last, Sewell decided that the results of the Haughton Laboratory experiments on the control of epidemics should be published. Ironically, on the very day that he made his hesitant decision, the laboratory was visited by Sir Guthrie Brewer, scientific adviser to the Government. Sewell, in spite of his scorn for a man he considered a mere bureaucrat, allowed Brewer to inspect the laboratory.

And then the storm broke. For Sir Guthrie had come to tell Sewell that, although the experiments might well lead to the saving of millions of lives, their disclosure was too dangerous. If the stuff Sewell was producing got into enemy hands it would give the clue to the reverse process, by which bigger and better epidemics might be produced. Sir Guthrie's advice to the Government, then, would be: "Suppress publication of Sewell's work."

Sewell, blazing with anger, saw Gatling, the Lord President of the Council. Gatling was bland, blunt and persuasive in turn. Whatever Sewell might think about the duty of science to humanity, he said, the government of any country must be concerned with the practical effects of scientific discovery on the welfare of the state. He challenged Sewell to deny the danger of making the Haughton experiments public.

Sewell went away worried and depressed, but determined to fight on. As a preliminary shot in his battle with the authorities, he wrote to an American professor friend. But Sewell was now a watched man and his letter was intercepted. Ralph Peach, Sewell's civil servant son-in-law, worried by the old man's obstinacy, contacted Prince, responsible for tailing the professor. Prince was unimpressed. "Tell him not to be an old fool," he advised.

Meanwhile Ivor Gates, Lucy Byrne's lover, turned up at the lab and confided Lucy's emotional tangles to Bob Marriott. He was charming and Marriott naïvely imagined that they had become friends. Lucy was not so sure. Bitter, cynical and clever, Ivor could be ruthless if he wanted to "get at" somebody. Lucy thought that he wanted to get at Marriott.

However, Marriott insisted on meeting his "friend" again, and one night all three met for a drink together. Brown, a Bloomsbury friend of Ivor's, came as well, and was interested in Marriott's loose talk about the security measures taken at the Haughton Laboratory.

Sewell, now uncertain of himself as an individual, decided to invite Lucy Byrne to dinner. Surprised, Lucy accepted, but was worried by the necessity of finding somebody to spend the evening with Ivor. Ivor solved the problem. He knew very well whom he wanted to have spend the evening with him. It was high time, he told himself, that he really got busy on Mr. Marriott.

By the time they had consumed three whiskies apiece, Brown appeared in the bar and the conversation again came round to scientists, their consciences, and their duties to mankind.

Marriott disliked Brown, his slovenliness, his bulging eyes. He was surprised when Ivor readily agreed that the three of them should go back to Brown's place for a meal—and more talk.

Brown wanted to know why Marriott, protesting that he did not believe science should be confined by petty nationalistic and patriotic frontiers, did not act up to his convictions. Marriott wanted to know how on earth he, or anybody else, could do that, when the Government was in a position to ban publication. Brown protested that he knew nothing about that sort of thing—*but* there were evidently ways and means. Discoveries *had* been published. There was some sort of international organization. He knew a man. . . .

Back in Ivor's rooms, Marriott again felt revulsion for Brown and his conspiratorial approach. Was he really trying to get Marriott to pass on information to a foreign country? Or was he laying a trap? Perhaps the best thing would be to go to the police straight away—but Ivor dissuaded him.

PART VI

Visit from Sir Guthrie

SIR GUTHRIE BREWER was used by now to co-ordinating people who didn't want to be co-ordinated, and advising people who didn't want advice. Rudeness and surliness only made his handshake firmer and his smile more easy.

The air of well-dressed reason and good-tempered common sense that he carried with him and dumped on the desk under one's nose was almost as material a professional badge as a doctor's black bag. He said: "I've come to thank you," and sat down as though he proposed to take some time about it.

Sewell leaned down and knocked his pipe out in the wastepaper basket. He had only just filled it, but the movement made it unnecessary to look at Brewer for the moment, and he didn't want to look at Brewer.

"Nobody could have been more helpful than your people here have been to Childs and Ross. You know how it is when you've got to poke about round somebody else's work—it's not all sweetness and light as a rule. But your man Shole couldn't have done more for us."

"I'm glad of that," said Sewell politely.

"And I'd just like to say this—if it's any satisfaction to you. The stuff you've given us may make a big difference to—to our whole defence position in that field." He paused as though expecting Sewell to say something.

Sewell nodded and began to search in the drawers of his desk for his tobacco.

"I say that because I don't want you to think that there's any question of the work just being wasted."

He smiled at his finger nails. "Incidentally I've taken the opportunity of pointing out to the Minister just how much we all owe you."

"Thank you, Sir Guthrie," said Sewell respectfully.

Brewer smiled. "Well, there's no harm in rubbing into these people what they get from the scientist, you know. You mustn't be cynical."

Sewell leant back in his chair and closed his eyes. "Well, what do you want?" he said. "I'm only trying to say the right thing. I'm glad Shole has been helpful and I'm glad some use is being made of the stuff. In other words, if we've got to wear a muzzle it's no good barking our heads off. But you don't expect me to say I *like* being muzzled?"

"Of course I don't. But I hoped you might see by now that—that the whole business is *necessary*, and that we're not such God-awful Philistines as——"

"I think it's necessary to prevent disease," said Sewell moodily. "You think it's necessary to prevent disease in England in wartime. That's the only difference between us. Anyhow, need we talk about it any more? You're getting all you want?"

Brewer said: "Well, that's rather the point."

"Ah. I thought there must *be* a point."

"We've been given—and I repeat it whether it gives you any pleasure or not—the most generous co-operation. We've got and are getting all we can—as things are arranged now. But if the set-up were changed, we could get more."

"Meaning what?"

"We don't only need your information—we need your active help." He paused and smiled slightly. "Can I be blunt or will you jump down my throat?"

"I want to know what you've got in mind."

"All right. At the moment we've got Childs and Ross and their staffs working in this field—purely from the point of view of defence. They've got a lot of stuff on hand which hasn't any connection with this work of yours. But where modified virulence is concerned they tell me you're a mile ahead of us in knowledge, technique and everything else. Now obviously our whole approach is different from yours. We're concerned with war circumstances and you haven't been. If we're going to apply the information we've got from you it'll mean a lot of experimental work. We're not set up to do it and we haven't anybody who *can* do it—at least, not without wasting a lot of time learning what your chaps know already. Are you prepared to help us out?"

"How?"

"Well, in this sort of way. You've never taken very much interest in the artificial super-virulent strains that you've produced—except for the production of antibodies. You've assumed that what you've got to deal with are the natural strains. So they would be in peace. But in war anybody who was going to use bacteria as a weapon at all would go all out to produce artificial virulence. So you see, to us the most interesting part of your work is the part that you've followed up least."

Brewer sat back and examined the bowl of his pipe carefully.

Sewell said: "You want us to spend our time here studying something that's never killed a man—and never will unless some murderous lunatic gets hold of it—instead of on work that——?"

"No, I don't," said Brewer calmly. "I think that would be quite wrong. It's not your job and it's probably right outside the Haughton's charter. I'm suggesting that *we* should do it—but that you should help us. You see, apart from anything else, there's bound to be a security snag in a place like this. I'm sure Shole and his people will do all they can, but the security people tell us frankly that if the stuff's really hot it ought to be somewhere else which is more under their hand. You don't want to be in a position where you can't take on a new lab. boy without having him vetted for security. Well, at our places that's all lined up already. . . ."

"So what?"

Brewer smiled more reassuringly than ever. "I want to borrow some of your people," he said. "There are only three of them that we should really need, Shole and young Marriott and the shock-headed boy—what's his name. . . ?"

"Parkin."

"Yes. We shouldn't want them for long. Probably about six months. We should set out quite openly to pick their

anything. I haven't seen him since I m-met you last. He had lunch with my wife one day."

"Yes?"

"He didn't mention this business, but she was rather w-worried about him. She said he seemed rather odd."

"She shouldn't worry. It's a bad thing. What was she worried about?"

"He seemed very s-silent and depressed, I gather."

Mr. Prince grunted. "How old is he?"

"Sixty-five, I think. Or sixty-four."

"Fit man for his age as far as you know?"

"Oh, yes."

"Take any interest in women?"

"I d-don't know."

"You don't know much, do you?" said Mr. Prince regretfully. "Well, is he the sort of man who *would* like women?"

"Oh, yes. I've always understood that he was one of the finest amateurs of his d-day. But that will have been some time ago."

"I don't know," said Mr. Prince dispiritedly. "Some of these old boys get better the longer they stay in cask. I never see how it's done myself. But there it is. You don't know a man named Marriott, do you? On the staff there?"

"No," said Peach. "Shole is the one I know."

"That's right. You said so before."

There was a long silence.

Peach said: "I take it nothing new's happened? I mean—my father-in-law hasn't——?"

"No," said Mr. Prince. "I wouldn't say anything new's happened. Though God knows how *I'm* expected to know if it has. He didn't say anything to your wife about his health, did he?"

"Not as f-far as I know. Why?"

"Why not? I always talk to people about mine. Anyhow, thanks for coming in."

Peach rose and picked up his hat. "I g-gather," he said mildly, "that it's all right so far?"

Mr. Prince blinked his watery eyes. "It's so-so," he said. "Just so-so, you know."

"More so-so than it was?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Prince irritably. "How the hell *could* I know? You never know anything on these jobs."

"Nothing I can do?"

"Not at the moment. I'll tell you if there is. This Shole's a good man, eh? Reliable bloke?"

"I should say v-very. I don't know him very well."

"Good," said Mr. Prince cordially. "Fine. Well, don't you worry. I never do. It doesn't do any good. . . ." He paused rather helplessly. "There was something else I wanted to tell you but it's gone for the moment. . . . Oh, yes—mind that damned lift. It sticks and then they have to get you down with a crane."

It had been raining hard all day, and there was nothing for Marriott to do. Arthur was trying to make something that obviously couldn't be made, and Parkin was messing about with the ultra-violet microscope, and Lucy was solemnly cutting and staining very easy tissue sections like a first-year medico at a practical histology class.

None of it mattered and nobody even thought it mattered. It was raining and they were all busily waiting for something.

Usually when this happened Marriott took a lot of paper, a slide rule and Kendal's *Advanced Statistics* and settled down quite happily. But this afternoon he wanted employment, or at least company. He went and watched Parkin, but all that happened was that Parkin stopped messing with the microscope, and sat and smiled at him, and looked inquiring.

Marriott said: "What's wrong with Lulu now?" And Parkin said: "Oh, there's nothing *wrong* with her. Just giving her the once over," and waited for him to go away.

Arthur didn't stop. He just said: "Hallo," and went on working as though he weren't there. Nobody else was even in, so that left Lucy and he didn't want to talk to her.

He wandered back to their lab. She was still working very intently and didn't look up. Her white coat was unbuttoned at the top so that he could see the tight green jersey.

Marriott said: "The section is first floated on a little warm water so that the wax flattens out. It is then carefully drained and blotted as a preliminary to the extraction of the wax with xylol. . . ."

She took no notice. Her hair was done differently so that it was much smoother at the back.

Marriott leaned on the bench and said casually: "You never really told me how you got on with Prof."

Lucy still didn't look up. "What d'you mean—really told you? I've told you twice that it was rather fun. D'you want to know what we had for dinner?"

He said: "If you're going to do first M.E. sections you might as well do them properly. Some of these look as though you used a bread knife in the microtome. Make Arthur sharpen it for you."

He turned away satisfied. She didn't know anything. She was angry with him and a long way away, but it wasn't because of that.

Silkin was on leave, and he went into Silkin's room and stood looking out at the rain. He had always liked to talk to people about everything—to hear his own voice working out the answer, and to see the rightness of the answer reflected in other faces. This solitary wrestling was almost physically painful.

He had hoped that it would be different today—different in daylight, without Ivor's face, away from an evening when one had drunk too much and talked too much, and been generally excited. It *was* different, and a lot of things that he had thought about seemed far away and melodramatic. But it wasn't as different as it should have been—not a thing you could laugh about and forget. The question was still there and a sense of loneliness was still there.

It was the loneliness that was intolerable—that crisped his fingers and made the palms of his hands sweat. He stood there looking out and wiped the palms of his hands on his white coat. Apart from the silly sweating and the loneliness he was quite calm.

It was about four o'clock when Shole sent for him. He had known that Shole had somebody there, but not that it was Brewer.

Brewer didn't get up or shake hands but he smiled very cordially and said: "Hallo, Marriott," as though they had known one another for years. As though he had been one's boss for years.

Shole said: "Sir Guthrie wanted to have a word with you, Bob," and made for the door, but Brewer said: "Oh, don't go, Shole, please." and he came back and stood by the window looking rather uneasy.

Brewer smiled at Marriott and said: "Well, now, Marriott—d'you know Yorkshire?"

"No, Sir Guthrie."

"Lovely country—in places. How would you like a six months' holiday there?"

It was irritating. He obviously thought he was good at this sort of thing.

Marriott said: "Doing what?" shortly and almost rudely.

"Giving us a bit of help. Teaching us a bit of biology." Brewer glanced at Shole with a grin as though to make sure that he was enjoying the joke.

Shole said briefly: "Sir Guthrie's got a job to offer you."

He not only thought he was good at this, he thought he was wonderful. He switched the smile on and off like a traffic light, and he wrapped it all up in a nice parcel with pretty ribbons so that baby would like it. But he made it quite clear that it was damned nice of him to be so nice. He said: "After all, it isn't everybody aged twenty-four who's asked to come and advise some of the best scientists in the country, is it?"

Marriott said slowly: "Why are the super-virulents so important?"

Brewer smiled because baby was so precocious, and said: "Oh, well—you'll have to talk to Dr. Shole and Dr. Childs about that. I mustn't try to be professional. I'm only a poor physicist myself."

"But I don't know what the job amounts to, sir. And not knowing that. . . ."

"It amounts," said Brewer, with obvious patience, "to coming and giving us the advantages of your experience. Giving it to the country instead of—of just to your own group here."

Marriott glanced at Shole. "I'm not quite sure that military work's much in my——"

"Military work?" said Brewer. "Who said anything about 'military work'? What a lot of you younger people have got that bee in your bonnets. It's all science, isn't it? Surely there's nothing wrong in a scientist thinking about the defence of his own country?"

MARRIOTT looked at Shole again, but Shole was looking out of the window. He stood there in his white coat, like a short, dumpy grocer's assistant, looking out of the window because he wouldn't look at what was inside. Marriott's palms were sweating again. He wiped them secretly on the side of his coat and said slowly: "Is it really—defence work on the super-virulents?"

"Exactly," said Brewer, smiling. But he didn't smile because he saw the joke. "For about six months probably. And, of course, your post here would remain open."

"And Professor Sewell——?"

Baby being precocious again. "You don't have to worry about that. That's all been settled between the Professor and me." Everything was settled. Baby would do what he was told. "I'm hoping Dr. Shole will be coming and probably Parkin, so you won't be among strangers."

Marriott said to Shole: "You're going?"

Shole turned his head and said: "It's not settled yet."

There was a silence and then Brewer smiled very brightly and said: "Well, Marriott—what d'you say?"

To gain time he said: "I should like to think it over, sir, if I may."

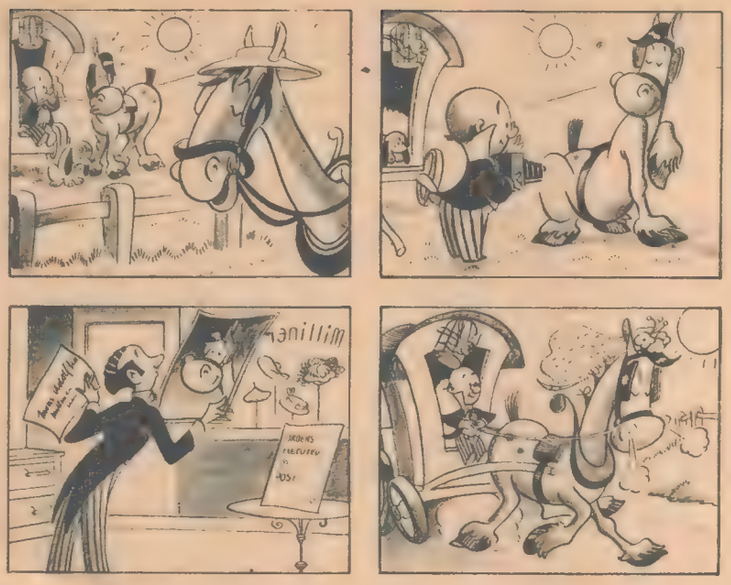
Brewer's smile flicked off and on again. "I see. Well, that's quite reasonable. You'll have to be fairly quick, though, because we want to get on."

Marriott said fatuously: "It would mean giving up my digs, of course, and——"

"Yes. Still, we might be able to help

MR. DIMPLE

by David Hand



NOW YOU KNOW

by BERNARD GEIS

BOILED EGGS SHOULD never be boiled, as high heat and vigorous boiling tend to rob this protein food of some of its flavour and nutritive value.

The best plan is to put your eggs in cold water, let the water approach boiling point, then turn off the heat and allow the eggs to stand—or "coddle"—in the hot water for five to twenty minutes, depending on the hardness desired.

you. . . ." Brewer suddenly cocked a roguish eye at Shole. "By the way, Shole—one thing we haven't said anything about is salaries."

Shole turned quickly. "No," he said uneasily. "But presumably. . . ."

Brewer's eyes had come back to Marriott. "Well, of course, I can't *promise* anything. You know how bound up in red tape we are. But if our friend here was going to be more or less teaching our people I should have thought it would be only right to grade him as a —a Senior Scientific Officer or something like that." He winked at Marriott. "Which would be—all right, you know."

He never had any money. He ought to have been able to manage on what the Haughton paid, but somehow it always went, and now, on the twenty-seventh of the month, he was hanging on desperately for the next pay cheque. Perhaps if he had had ten pounds in his pocket it wouldn't have mattered, but as it was, the wink and the confidential smile were conclusive. He suddenly knew so clearly what he must do that he was afraid it would show in his face, so he bent his head and muttered something about that being very nice.

"Don't take that as a promise," Brewer was saying. "There may be a snag about your age or something. But I'll speak to Dr. Childs and I expect we can fix something."

They could fix it. One had only to teach them how to produce the super-virulents and they would pay one another ten pounds a week. He raised his head, and was about to say: "Thank you, sir, for your generosity." But Shole was looking at him, and though Shole was a fool, it wouldn't do to take any risk. So he merely nodded.

Brewer said: "Well, *I* think it's a great chance for you, Marriott. I tell you so frankly."

Marriott went back to Silkin's room and shut the door. He was trembling all over, so that his knees felt weak and he had to sit down at the desk. His mind went back to a time when he had seen a man in an East End street stoop down and smile in a ten-year-old child's face and then suddenly hit it hard with his doubled fist. There had been the same nausea of anger and fear at the monstrousness of the thing.

He picked up the telephone directory, and his hands were shaking so that he fumbled with the leaves. But the number was there all right, and he had heard Lucy ring up and knew what to do. You asked for L Department, and when you got that you asked for Captain Gates.

Squinting down at the mouthpiece of the telephone he could see his breath condensing in beads of moisture. That was very unhygienic, and some people advertised a service for disinfecting telephones. He found himself wondering how they managed when they got Ivor to the telephone. Did somebody hold it for him or was the whole thing on one of those extending arms?

There was a long wait while they found Ivor, and when the voice suddenly said: "Hallo. This is Gates speaking," it startled him, so that for a moment he was confused and couldn't remember what to say. But it was only for a moment and then he said quite calmly: "Ivor—this is Bob. Do you happen to know the number of our friend last night?"

There was a long pause. Then Ivor said: "No. But I can find it out . . . if you're sure you want it."

He said: "I'm sure I want his

Continued on page 27

"That's right, Mrs. Hogshaw—now kick your feet"

THE Essence of Coffee and Chicory made by Lyons of Cadby Hall

CVS 27

QUENCHY QUESTIONS

Animal, vegetable or mineral?
Vegetable.
Can you eat it?
No.
Can you drink it?
Yes.
Is it made in any particular county?
Yes.
Is it made in Devon?
Yes.
Is it Devonshire Cream?
No.
Is it nice and sweet?
Yes.
It's cyder!
Yes.
Let's have a recap. It's made in Devon, it's nice and sweet and it's cyder . . .
Yes.

1/6 PER SCREW QT FLAGON Bottle Extra IN SCOTLAND 1/8

Then it must be

WHITEWAY'S CYDER

MEDIUM—SWEET OR DRY

CVS-113

Your summer safeguard inside and outside the home

SUMMERTIME, with its flies and smells, is the time when a good disinfectant is a necessity. Inside and outside, upstairs and down, clean out the germs and make the place fragrant with Lifeguard — the greatest protection at the lowest cost.

Non-poisonous, non-corrosive, non-staining and absolutely safe, Lifeguard is the ideal disinfectant and antiseptic — the essential safeguard for every home.

THE SUPREME DISINFECTANT AND ANTISEPTIC

FOR KITCHEN & LARDER
Keep germs at bay
The Lifeguard way

IN THE NURSERY
Scores of uses—
Cuts, grazes, bruises

AT THE WASHTUB
Every nappy and sheet
Is safe and sweet

ROUND THE BATHROOM
For all the chores
From bath to floors

FOR THE SICKROOM
The safety drill
When someone's ill

LIFEGUARD PRODUCTS LIMITED · WATLING STREET · LONDON · E.C.4

A SORT OF TRAITORS

Continued from page 25

number; I'm not sure of anything else yet."

He went back to Lucy and leaned against the bench. She was still staining section. He said: "You know I'm very jealous of Prof. over this. If you wanted to be taken out to dinner, what's wrong with me?" She didn't say anything, so he had to go on: "As it was, I spent a very lonely evening." But she just went on looking at her work and said: "Never mind. Perhaps he'll take you next time."

That was all right and he went away and sat down, and opened Kendal at random and stared at the page.

SHOLE was in the lavatory, washing up with great deliberation. He saw Sewell coming in the mirror and said without introduction: "I've been talking to Brewer. He said you knew all about it."

Sewell shook some liquid soap on to his hands, and said, "I loathe this stuff. You mean about your going to him?" He didn't look at Shole.

"Yes. He's seen Marriott and Parkin, too," Shole's eyes went instinctively to the lavatory doors. They were all open. Sewell said: "That's right. He did mention it."

"What d'you think?"

"It's not a question of what I think," said Sewell. "It's what *you* think."

Shole scrubbed at his wrists in silence. For a moment Sewell had a foolish hope that he was thinking up some ultimate comment on Brewer and the whole idea. But Shole's face in the mirror was thoughtful and worried. Sewell stared blindly at his own hands in the water and said: "I've no right to stop you, and no desire to, if you want to do it. It's entirely a matter for you."

"I can guess what you said to him," said Shole. "I nearly said it myself. But it isn't really any good just disliking Brewer. He's beside the point."

"Then what *is* the point?"

Shole started to dry his hands, wiping each finger separately. "Whether what he wants done is a—a good thing to do. And whether it's more urgent than what I'm doing here."

Sewell had placed his hands flat on the bottom of the wash bowl. The ring on his left hand glinted as the water moved. "Oh, there's no doubt that what he wants done is desirable enough. He wants to be able to protect people against attack by pepped-up bugs. There's nothing wrong with that in itself. Whether any such attack's at all likely is another matter."

"I wasn't really thinking of that side of it," said Shole. "*That's* all right, of course."

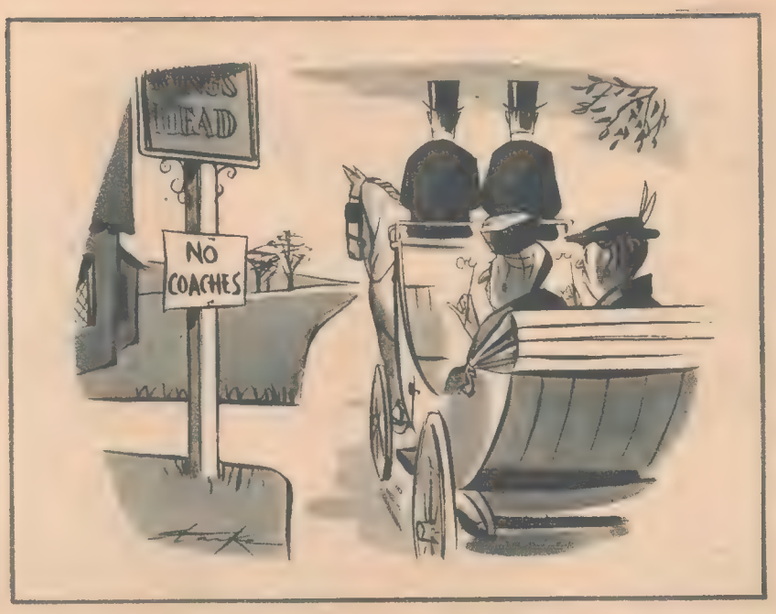
"What other side is there?"

Shole hesitated. "Well . . . surely the snag about all defence work is that before you know where you are the best defence is attack?"

Sewell turned quickly and said: "You mean that he really wants this stuff as —as a weapon?"

"I don't suppose he does—primarily. Whatever else you can say about us, we never *do* start the really nasty ideas in war. We leave that to the more logical races. But you know how it is. If an aggressor uses something against you, you use it back at him and that's just self-defence. It's one of the places where everybody reckons that two wrongs make a right." He threw his used towel into the basket. "I tackled Brewer about it point-blank. Of course, he swore that they were only interested in our stuff from the defensive side, and I think he meant it. But that doesn't mean anything. It wouldn't be in his hands."

Sewell's face had gone a dirty grey



colour. He said: "I never thought of that."

"Well, I'm probably quite wrong. But after all, it's even been plastered over the newspapers—that we're preparing. . . ."

"I know it has. But it just never occurred to me over this stuff. . . ." Sewell pressed his hands over his eyes and said savagely: "I'm getting old and slow. That's what it is." After a moment he added: "And thinking of *that* was what made you hesitate?"

"Yes. Mainly." Shole stood with his short legs planted slightly apart, looking at Sewell with his mild, worried eyes. "I don't think very clearly about things like this," he said simply. "And I can never see how far one ought to stick to —to principles and how far one ought to accept things as they are and—and make the best of them. I'm all against war—any sort of war. But if for some reason a war crops up, I'm all in favour of winning it. I'm a pacifist until it comes to the point, and then I don't go through with it. I suppose most people are like that. Probably that's why wars happen." He paused and then said politely: "I'd welcome your advice about the whole thing, if. . . ."

"I've got no advice to give you," said Sewell roughly. "It's up to you to work it out." He turned away and said over his shoulder: "I gather that at the moment you think you'll probably go?"

Shole hesitated. "Well—no. At the moment I can't imagine going. It just seems damned silly to spend time playing around with those super-virulent things which don't exist unless we make them, when we could be tackling the natural ones and doing some good. It's like digging a hole in the ground for practice in filling it up again, when there are plenty of natural holes that want filling already. That was my reaction. But one doesn't want to be just—selfish."

Sewell said: "Selfish. . . !"

"I mean one doesn't want to duck something unpleasant just to salve one's conscience. If this stuff of ours were going to be published it would be different. But if we're not going to be allowed to help in one way, it's a bit difficult to refuse to help altogether."

"All help being just—help?" said Sewell. "Including, if necessary, giving the military boys a new weapon?"

"That's the trouble," said Shole restlessly. "One doesn't really trust these people. But, damn it all, one must trust *somebody*. Otherwise we must just fold our hands and sit and do nothing in case it's the wrong thing."

"How about trusting ourselves?"

Shole smiled. "We can do that. But it doesn't help because we can't—can't alter things. We haven't any power. If we've got to go on living in society we've got to take its orders."

There was a moment's silence. Sewell suddenly gave a quick nod. "That's right," he said. "That's the point. As long as we've got to go on living in society. . . . That's it entirely. How about the others? Bob and Parkin?"

"I think Parkin would quite like it. I'm not sure about Bob." Shole hesitated. "As a matter of fact I thought he'd say 'No' at once. But he was quite calm about it. Of course, I doubt if either of them realize quite what it might imply. . . ."

PROFESSOR SEWELL sat down at his desk and lit his pipe slowly and deliberately. There was a curious feeling which was almost happiness. Ideally, the letter should go to the Minister with a carbon copy to Brewer simply marked "for your information." But if it was to be typed, he would have to type it himself, and he typed very badly and inaccurately. Besides, scoring off Brewer was not important and perhaps a trifle cheap. The essential thing was Gatling. Gatling would understand, and in a way, approve.

He picked up a pencil and began to scribble rapidly and without hesitation.

Dear Minister,

During our recent conversation it was clear that while we both sought the same end—i.e. the common good—we differed as to how it would best be served. You were not slow to point out that you, representing, however indirectly, the will of the nation, were in a position to impose your view on me, representing nobody but myself. We were arguing, in fact, not in terms of wisdom, but in terms of power.

Since then, however, I have been reminded of something which I think we both forgot—that I am an elderly man, who can only expect a very limited number of years more of active life; and since the power of society over the individual depends entirely on the individual's need to go on living, it follows that society's power over me is now small. I am, therefore, in a position to consult my own wisdom, such as it is.

I have never accepted your view that the world is full of mad dogs against whom we must defend ourselves. I believe that the level of society and good will in all countries is much the same. If the world acts insanely it is because sane men will give no lead against the growing paranoid tendency. Those who could won't, and those would daren't.

. Sewell paused and read it through. It was a statement of opinion. One man's opinion against another's. . . . He hesitated and then wrote:

I make this assumption, not because I can prove it, but because it is the only useful *assumption. To work from any other hypothesis is to despair, and despair is a useless thing.*

His secretary came in and said: "Have you any files, Professor Sewell?"

Sewell looked up and smiled at her. She was a pretty child with bright red hair and a solemn freckled face. "Why?" he said in a hushed voice. "D'you want to put them in the safe?"

"Yes, Professor Sewell."

"Well, I haven't got any. Not one."

She looked suspiciously round the office, but it was quite true. For once he had none of Shole's precious files. She said: "Thank you," primly and went out. Sewell went back to his letter. "Despair is a useless thing. . . ." He wrote on rapidly.

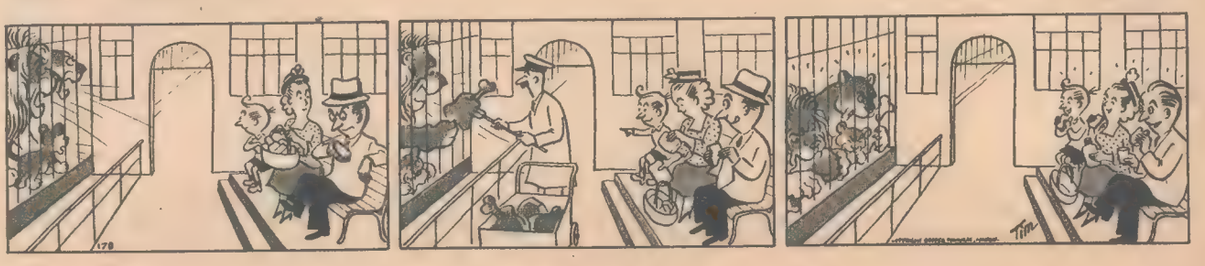
I know no other use for a conviction than to act on it. Accordingly, I have dispatched copies of the report to the heads of appropriate scientific bodies in most civilized countries, including the following. . . ."

He seized a piece of paper and started to jot down names. There were a surprising number of them and he would need fifty copies at the very least. It was going to be difficult to get out fifty copies without giving the show away.

To be continued next week

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



Pedalling for a living

by DENNIS HOLMAN

Track cycle racing is tough. Anything to wear down an opponent is allowed. The only hope is to learn to be dirty in a clean sort of way

It's split-second jockeying that wins. Reg Harris (right) goes all out

IF REG HARRIS wins the World's Professional Sprint Championship at Copenhagen on August 28 he will be the first Englishman in history to take off the greatest trophy in cycling. According to students of form, Harris's chances are pretty good.

Insurance companies, on the other hand, are not so sold on his chances of survival. Harris's life is not insured. "Except for National Cyclists' Union compulsory insurance when I'm riding, I can't find anybody who wants to take the risk," he complains. "I don't know why, because I've ridden over four hundred races since I was sixteen and I've only fallen eleven times."

Unlike horsemen, cyclists don't bother to learn any special way of falling. If a tyre bursts at high speed, all you're supposed to register is two bumps—the second is yourself on the deck. You are unprotected except for a crash helmet and your movements become complicated because your feet are strapped to the pedals.

A Double Somersault

In his first effort as a professional, Harris burst a tyre at forty miles per hour on the forty-five degree bank of the Palais des Sports, Brussels. He somersaulted twice with the cycle and landed in a heap with a broken elbow, abrasions and several frictional burns.

His worst fall, he says, was in Paris. Senfftleben, the French champion, riding on the bank above him, collected a puncture and fell twenty-two feet with his machine locked into Harris's. Senfftleben's pedal narrowly missed Harris's eye; but it smashed the bridge of his nose. It happened on a Thursday. Harris raced at Zurich on the Saturday afternoon and returned the next day to Paris to have his stitches removed.

Harris's story as a cyclist begins when he was fourteen, in 1934; he joined the C.T.C. and began touring with droves of other youngsters who would often cover 100 miles of the Lake District on a Sunday. He showed early form in road time trials and hill climb events, and in 1936 made his track début on a football field in Manchester. He came nowhere.

Three years from that date Harris was among our leading sprinters, selected to represent Great Britain in the World Cycling Championships to be held at Milan. The team returned from Italy within a week; the war had broken out and the event was off.

Harris served in the R.A.C. After being dragged shell-shocked out of a tank in the Western Desert, he was repatriated, transferred to the R.A.S.C., and later discharged as unfit for further service. In 1944, he resumed cycling and carried off practically every British track championship from 440 yards to five miles.

The following year he won the British events again, then started racing abroad. Except on his first visit to Paris, he was unbeaten in forty international amateur events of the season. In 1946 he won the Grand Prix of Paris; in 1947, the 1000 metres Amateur Sprint Championship of the World, being the first Englishman to do it in twenty-five years.

The Olympics were a setback for Harris, not so much because he was beaten outright by Ghella of Italy, a sprinter he had outclassed fifteen times out of fifteen before, but because of a disagreement with the team trainers of the N.C.U. over which he was reported as shooting his mouth off rather badly. Perhaps the world championship had gone to his head.

But there is an excuse for his débâcle in the final of the Olympic event: a month before he had taken a spill at Fallowfield and was carried off concussed with a broken elbow; and on Good Friday before that, on his way to Herne Hill, his car had rubbed shoulders with a massive commercial truck and rolled down the embankment. A spine fractured in two places and extensive muscle lacerations had kept him in bed nine weeks.

Pro. Races Were A Shock

After the Olympics and the loss of his world amateur title two weeks later, Harris turned professional and went to live in Brussels for the beginning of the winter cycling season. "I used to think I was good," he says, "but that idea was soon knocked out of my head. In the first three months of my career as a pro I didn't get anywhere near winning a big race."

Harris may have had a fine turn of speed, as his time trials showed, but in professional racing he still had a lot to learn. He knew few of the tricks and less of the split-second jockeying for position round a steeply banked track racing pedal to pedal at forty miles an hour. He lacked the aggressive technique which characterises the riding of a seasoned professional.

Baulk, obstruct if you like, is the unwritten law of the track; get in your rival's way, wear him down, outmanoeuvre him—because all's fair, all except intentional "spilling." As Harris explains: "It's being dirty in a clean sort of way."

And for the first time Harris was learning how to punish himself. Before that he had never known what it was to ride to exhaustion and past it, "till the scene swings and you're riding for your life but you don't know where."

Critics who've watched Harris ride again in England since he went professional have noted the change in his style and attack. By January he had transferred his headquarters to Paris, where the crowds were suddenly aware that he had made the grade.

After the initial setbacks, his progress had been remarkably swift—from sixth in the European Winter Sprint Championship, to second in the Grand Prix of the U.C.I., to first in the Winter Grand Prix of Paris; and in the next three months he won more places in sprint events on the Continent than any other professional.

If Harris has made himself four times more famous there than he is over here, it is because European star cyclists are very much in the big time. The professionals rarely race for prizes; they ride for contract money in advance.

The fee for an afternoon's racing varies with the venue and the star. The Swiss pay well, the French and the Belgians not so well. World champions may command up to £100, lesser men between £40 and £50.

Three Rides A Week

Being the only Englishman at the game, and an outstanding cyclist at that, Harris now finds himself constantly in demand, riding as often as three times a week.

"One thing I'm thankful for as a pro," he says, "is that I'm no longer burdened with the 'something useful' sort of prizes I used to get."

Besides occasional gold and silver cups valued at about 200 guineas apiece, like the Vitonica, the Dawes, the Maxwell, the Brooks Bowl, which he has won outright, Harris, in twelve years of amateur cycling, collected a plethora of watches, vases, clocks, standard and reading lamps, gold watch chains, crockery, cutlery, dishes, convex mirrors, vacuum cleaners, electric razors and trouser presses. There were twenty-five barometers and eleven grandfather clocks, two of which he had to take home the same afternoon—altogether £2,500 worth, as he says, of "something useful."

Harris lives at the pace he rides. Jumpy and highly strung, his nerves

Continued on page 30

Free Speech

WHAT KIND OF FAMILY DO WE REALLY WANT?

I BELONG TO THE LOWER intelligence group. The Royal Commission on Population says so because I happen to be the father of six children under school-leaving age. All of us are happy. My intelligence may be low but my spirits are amazingly high, and I wouldn't swop places with anyone in the country, including the high intelligence members of the Royal Commission. — JOSEPH WILLIAM DOOLEY, 41 Victoria Street, St. Helens, Lancs.

. . . Given the facilities for education, working-class children are as good as any other section of the community. The reason why middle-class parents have less children is that children interfere with their pleasure.—PLATELAYER, Herts.

. . . On the one hand we are told there is not enough food for the population of these islands and people are urged to emigrate. On the other hand, the Royal Commission calls for larger families.—MRS. A. H., Bucks.

. . . It is a scandal to urge every married woman to have at least three children in this unpeaceful age. Until the fear of war is removed I hope the population will continue to decline.—MISS G. L. BRANT, 83 Windsor Road, Langley, Oldbury, Worcs.

. . . Take a look at some of the local councils' housing lists. There's the root of the trouble.—HOMESEEKER, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

. . . As I see it, the salvation of the middle classes lies not only in increased marriage and child allowances but in an initial marriage loan to young couples to give them a start. Today they are faced with years of struggle to save enough to set up home.—RAYMOND E. BASSETT, 68 Clive Road, Rochester, Kent.

. . . It is not difficult to see where we are heading. There is no guarantee that the quality of the family will increase as its size is limited. The next step will be to attempt to supply such a guarantee by the acceptance of artificial insemination. We can then have children to order—intellectuals, athletes, soldiers.—MORALIST, Sunderland.

Why Not Bush Jackets?

NOW THAT SUMMER is here can no one break down the convention of male dress? I do so dislike to see perspiring males in collars and heavy jackets. Why not a shirt that buttons all the way down the front and can be worn as a kind of bush jacket, with or without a tie. —MRS. MARY PARKER, 23 Sun Street, Canterbury.

"A Sort Of Traitors"

SCIENTISTS AND THEIR test-tubes, in fiction and out, are anathema to me. I started reading your serial, "A Sort of Traitors" with reluctance, but I soon found myself being carried along by the brilliance of the dialogue.—J. A. PIRIE, South Balmoor, Peterhead.

. . . The story had a good and exciting beginning, but Nigel Balchin soon put into a young woman's mouth loose and almost filthy words. Surely he could express nasty feelings in less nasty language. Our teenagers soon pick up such horrible words. — MRS. C. A. BOTHEROYD, 168 21st Avenue, Hull.

. . . All scientists should be free to communicate to each other their findings and not be controlled by any politicians or governments. — JAMES ANDERSON, Helenbank, Greenburn, Fauldhouse, West Lothian, Scotland.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

SUNBATHING over a picnic tea in the garden, cover artist Michael Bernard Critchlow received an unexpected call from the vicar. While the visitor amiably sweltered in his clerical clothes, Critchlow registered the incongruity of the scene. He invented the family (he has two sons) and another vicar. But the scene is real.

Critchlow came to London from Wolverhampton twenty-one years ago with a borrowed £5. He is a keen golfer and a useful billiards and snooker player. He is fond of good films, chocolates, the ballet and children. His dislikes, he says, are porridge, strong tea, smoke, bad-tempered people and detective stories

It's a choking, shrunk-up shirt! When buying washable cottons, ask to see the "Sanforized" mark . . . your assurance the fabric can't shrink out of fit.

Garments with this label will not shrink out of fit → •SANFORIZED• SHRUNK FABRIC

INDIGESTION takes people THREE ways

Like Granny: "EATS HEARTY" – BUT PAYS FOR IT

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Many kinds of indigestion are caused by excess acidity—which is quickly corrected by 'Bisurated' Magnesia. 1/9 and 3/7 in Tablet or Powder form (plain or mint-flavoured). If your indigestion trouble persists, you should get medical advice.

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THEY CHOSE BLACKPOOL!

"PEOPLE who don't enter *Bullets* miss an awful lot of thrills," remarked Mrs. B. C. Anderson when her husband told her that one of his efforts had won him a £10 cheque and a seaside holiday for two.

A family conference for choice of ten resorts, a line to JOHN BULL'S travel agents, a few weeks of looking forward—and this Saturday the Andersons will leave their Northolt home, bound for Blackpool and the holiday of their lives!

This week's £500 for the best *Bullet* carries also a free seaside holiday for two, as do the other chief cheques—and, starting in this contest, winners may take their *Bullets* holidays *next* summer if more convenient. Post your coupon by Monday July 25.

Last Weeks of Holidays

£500 FIRST PRIZE CASH plus Seaside Holiday for Two

£50, £25, 2 of £10 each also plus Seaside Holiday for Two

—providing week's hotel accommodation for two at Blackpool, Bournemouth, Brighton, Douglas, Eastbourne, Ilfracombe, Margate, Scarborough, Torquay or Weston-super-Mare. (All holidays arranged by Cook's.)

5 of £5, 10 of £2.10, 25 of £1, 30 "Bullets" Seasons, 3,000 "Good Shots"

FOUNTAIN-PEN BONUSES

A fine Fountain-pen accompanies each of the twenty chief cheques won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Aug. 13 and in JOHN BULL dated Aug. 20, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

The Peace Bus	He's A Trier, So
Worth Waiting For	Shouted Down
In The Economic Wood	Terrible Fate
More Children	Ripe And Juicy
King Neptune	Knew All About It
In Sympathy	
The Perfect Woman	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Gold	
A Bit Slow	
Won't Last For Ever	All Through The.....
Good Samaritan	Let Her.....And
Unlucky	Gorgeous .....
Came In First	Something About.....
Shoulder To Shoulder	"Where's My.....?"
Grandpa's Holiday	.....For The Visitors

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in this "Bulletin"

To get the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, including extra winners for your guidance, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,690 (or Xword 642) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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STICK 2½d. STAMP here to secure *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated August 6. If this is first copy applied for please mark × here ▶

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XWORD 637 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Camp. 3, Riots. 5, Test. 6, Crack. 7, Pat. 8, Turn. 11, Rope. 13, Count. DOWN: 2, Pith. 4, Silk. 6, Cub. 7, Panes. 9, Leat. 10, Lets. 12, Sap.

SEVEN £100 SHARERS: J. Barnes, London, W.9; J. Bolton, Withnell, near Chorley; Mrs. C. F. Day, Lee-on-Solent; W. J. Downie, London, W.3; J. Figg, Pulborough; Miss P. Piercy, St. Peter's-in-Thanet; Mrs. A. Richards, Gwinear, Camborne. In addition, each Winner receives a 20-lb. Food Parcel.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 72 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to all 2nd Runners-up.

Holiday Winners 1,685

"BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE, £500: G. Butcher, 50 The Chine, London, N.21: ROUND THE WORLD OUR "LINES," OUR LIFE

SECOND PRIZE, £50: A. W. Kirkwood, 9 Dale Gardens, Mutley, Plymouth: OPPORTUNITY KNOCKED AND—POOR WORKMANSHIP "JAMMED DOOR."

THIRD PRIZE, £25: S. S. Rounce, 9 Summer Street, Stroud, Glos: ALL JOHN'S GOT—BLISTERS—AND "FIRM GRIP."

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. C. M. Bartle, 145 Coltman Street, Hull: SURROUNDED BY FANATICS—RED SQUARE—GREEN "OVAL." £10: J. R. Evans, 30 Park Street, Penrhiwceiber, Glam: IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN—I'D "CATCH THAT BUS." £5: J. T. Clements, 73 Kilmartin Avenue, Norbury, S.W.16: TRYING TO BE FAIR—SHOPKEEPER — AND TURNED GREY! £5: N. R. Cozens, Rhodes Cottage, Wiveliscombe, Taunton: SURROUNDED BY HURDLES—PEACE BARY—GRIM "PLAY-PEN"! £5: J. Parr, 338 Northborough Road, Norbury, S.W.16: ROUND THE WORLD—SEEKING "BLINDNESS," KREMLIN'S EYES. £5: J. Lock, 7 Barton Road, Headington, Oxford: MAN WITHOUT SIMPLE—FAITH, MY "DIFFICULT" CREDITOR! £5: Mrs. M. Philburn, 39 Old Godley Lane, Stump Cross, Halifax: MAN WITHOUT TEETH—UMPIRE—DROPPED GRANDPA'S DENTURES!

Above 10 prizes each plus Seaside Holiday for Two, arranged by Cook's.

For 10 winners of £2 10s., see last week's *"Bullets" Bulletin*.

25 Prizes of £1, 50 "Season Ticket" Awards and 3,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

CASH, FOOD and OTHER XWORD PRIZES

£100 FIRST PRIZE

(Winner's telegram Friday, August 5)

Awards Value £25 Amongst 1st Runners-up

NOVEL "SIGNPOST" PRIZES for all 2nd Runners-up

20-lb. FOOD PARCELS

with all prizes value £1 and over, providing useful extras for your larder and luxuries for your table

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

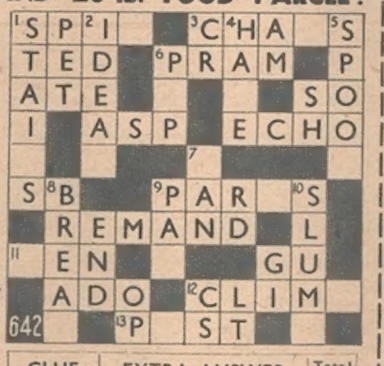
Across Clues **XWORD 642**

1. Racket comes in handy to
3. Frost and snow generally add to
9. Many firms help to provide these for motorists
11. Popular novelist will perhaps have his own particular one
12. Visitors are not so much attracted to the Lake District as to Switzerland by the thought of
13. Trade secrets have sometimes been given away in this

Down Clues

1. Having a lot of them makes cleaning a tedious job
2. Crank is sometimes a slave to his
4. May possibly land one in jug
5. Yarn is quite commonly found on this
6. Fellow with this can become a trying companion
7. Small business sometimes depends very much on one
8. We're learning that even the vanquished have eventually to be given this
9. Often means housewife has to scrape
10. We hope fine prospect is never again spoiled by

WIN A CHEQUE AND 20-lb. FOOD PARCEL!



In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated August 6.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

I enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Signed .....

Address .....

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642 Closing Postmark MON., JULY 25

PEDALLING FOR A LIVING

Continued from page 28

seem to steady when he's pedalling for all he's worth or driving his high-powered cars furiously. He works hard to keep himself fit.

He trains every day, thirty miles on the road in the morning and half an hour on the track in the afternoon, alternately pedalling slowly and bursting into top speed. "A sprinter," he explains, "must be able to burn himself out in ten seconds. But he should recover quickly."

Harris's greatest virtue as a track man, they say, is the strength of his finish—attributed to a hard road training as a kid which built up his thigh muscles to the twenty-four inches they measure today.

He rides an English track bike especially built to his own specifications — 22-inch frame, 22½-inch top tube, 10½-inch bottom bracket height, 16¾-inch rear centres, 23¾-inch front centres, 73-degree parallel angle, and weighing twenty pounds (not exceptionally light for a track machine, but rigid enough to respond to his remarkable acceleration in his final burst on the finishing straight).

Discussing Harris's chances at Copenhagen, most cycle men agree that the prewar monopoly of the international tracks, shared by Scherens of Belgium, Van Vliet of Holland, Gerardin of France, and Richter of Germany, has been broken. Since the war there have been changes.

True, Van Vliet remains as last year's champion of the world and at the top of his form; but the great Scherens, seven times a world champion, is forty and past his prime; one might also write off Gerardin, who was among the big four over nineteen years ago; and Richter has just disappeared.

A younger generation has stepped up into world championship class. The newcomers are the Swiss, Plattner; the Belgian, Gosselin; the Frenchmen, Iacoponelli and Senfftleben; and Harris—with Harris considered the strongest of these contenders, having already beaten Van Vliet five times out of six this season.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Below-Par Schools

B. H. (Edgware): The Minister of Education cannot be held responsible for the conditions prevailing in such private schools as you describe unless they have been officially recognized as "efficient."

Later on the Minister will compile a register of all educational establishments throughout the country, and those which are not efficient will be closed. The closing of below-standard independent schools, however, cannot take place until there are sufficient school buildings and teaching staffs to satisfy educational needs everywhere.

Our team of experts will solve readers' queries (except medical) if these are sent to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Stamped envelope for reply please.

BACK AGAIN— at pre-war price!

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DUNLOP

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9H/313

I like a man to smoke a pipe ... and I enjoy a pipeful OF AFRIKANDER 3/7 PER OZ.

such a vital person . . . now

Yet only a little while ago she was so listless and apathetic. The Secret . . .? Parkinsons Pills. Old friends to many wise people, they restore that healthy sparkle and let your lost vitality show itself again.

PARKINSONS PILLS

PARKINSONS LTD., Manufacturing Chemists, BURNLEY.

CPW/P4

Jump that queue!

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COOK'S WORLD TRAVEL SERVICE

Head Office: Berkeley St., London, W.1 and all branches

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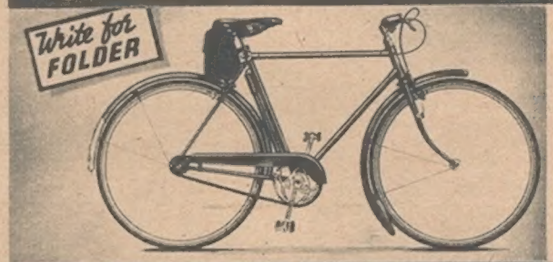

Evolved by experts and constructed by craftsmen for the Connoisseur, this bicycle has been created to satisfy the demands of riders who appreciate the best of everything.

PRICE - - - £15.15.0 (Lady's or Gent's)

Plus Purchase Tax £3.13.6

Write for Special Folder 'J.B.'

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Quick Healing

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ALICE IN POSTERLAND

Drawing by GILROY

Minus a Guinness

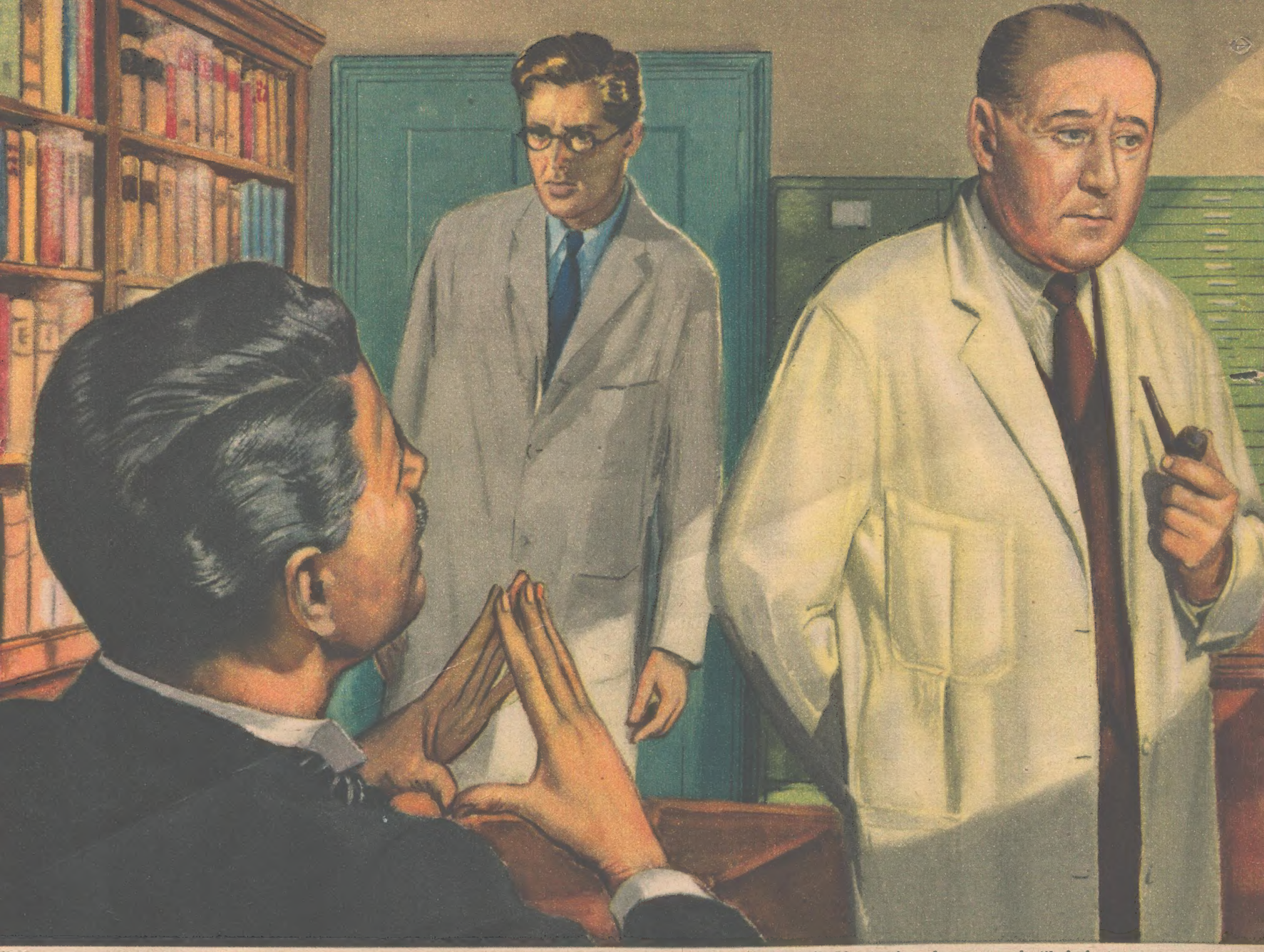
"You *are* in a hole," said Alice sympathetically. "Whatever are you digging for?"

"Well," said the Keeper, "they always say 'Have a Guinness when you're tired' and there's nothing like digging for making you tired. I wonder how much more I've got to do before I can have the Guinness." He bent down and peered into the hole.

"It's lucky," said the Ostrich, snatching the opportunity and the Keeper's glass, "that *I* don't have to be tired to enjoy a Guinness."

"Well!" exclaimed Alice. "You *have* got a neck!"

G.E.1452.G



"Surely," said Sir Guthrie, "it's not wrong for a scientist to think about the defence of his country." Marriott's palms sweated. Shole looked away

brains and to get them to train our people. After that they could come back."

He examined his pipe again. "I know it's a lot to ask, Sewell. Perhaps I'd better say all over again that I'm not asking for a personal favour. It's simply that. . . ."

Sewell's face had broken into a queer, confident smile. "That's all right," he said briskly. "A very reasonable suggestion. Ask them. Go and ask old Shole if he'd like six months on a job of that sort. I'd be interested to hear what he says."

Brewer frowned. "You must realize that I can't do that. He's your man. I can't approach him unless I've got your agreement."

"Come, come!" said Sewell reprovingly. "You underestimate your powers. Surely you can tell him that his wife'll disappear or that his old mother's pension will be stopped if he doesn't do as he's told? Why should I come into it?"

"Look," said Brewer, with a patient smile, "don't waste it on me. I'm only a poor stooge with rather a difficult job to do. Will you agree to my talking to Shole and getting his reaction to things?"

"I can't stop you."

"And will you agree to let him make up his own mind? In other words will you *not* try to persuade him to refuse?"

Sewell said: "I'll go further than that. I'll tell him that if he thinks it's sensible to drop what he's doing now and come to you he certainly ought to do it." He got up. "And if he comes I'll buy you a dinner for two. You and whoever else you like."

THE elderly commissionaire was still filling in football coupons, but this time he said: "It's Mr. Prince you want, isn't it?" and took Peach straight up. Peach said: "You've got a good memory."

The commissionaire said: "Ask me what won the Derby. Any year you like. Or who won the Cup. Or the Boat Race."

"You mean you can remember?"

"Ask me. Any year you like." The lift came to a stop, but the commissionaire didn't get out. He just stood there invitingly.

"All right," said Peach politely. "Who w-won the Boat Race in 1923?"

What appeared to be a spasm of pain crossed the commissionaire's face. "Damn it!" he said. "Nineteen-two-three. . . ." He closed his eyes, opened them again, smiled and said: "Oxford. Am I right?"

"I'm sure you are."

The commissionaire opened the gates and said: "They call me Jumbo. Elephant, see? Never forget."

"It's a remarkable gift."

"Always had it," said the commissionaire. "Long as I can remember. It's that door straight ahead."

Mr. Prince's memory was not as good as the commissionaire's. He looked at Peach warily and said: "Yes, sir?" with aggressive respectfulness.

"My name's P-Peach. I got a message. . . ."

"Peach?" said Mr. Prince. "Oh, yes. Man with a father-in-law. Have a chair." He picked up a file from a tray and opened it. "Well, I'm sorry to have to tell you that your father-in-law's being a bit naughty. Nothing much, mind you, but a bit naughty. He wrote a letter to Sir Nicholas Pelly. Must have done because here's a copy of the reply. . . ."

"Wait a minute," said Peach. "I think this is where I c-came in."

"Came in where?"

"I mean you told me about that last time. Unless it's another letter?"

Mr. Prince reflected. "No," he said at last, "it's the same one. Must be something else. . . ." He turned over the leaves of the file. "Oh, yes. Here we are. Do you know any of your father-in-law's staff?"

"Only a man named Dr. Shole. This is still where I came in."

"Don't know a girl named Byrne?"

"No."

"Pity. Then you wouldn't know a man who's a friend of hers?"

Peach hesitated. "Well, I might. But I shouldn't really know if she knew him, should I? I m-mean. . . ."

"That's true," said Mr. Prince. "Well, don't let's worry about it." He turned his purplish face and the watery blue eyes on Peach and looked at him for a moment in silence. "Your father-in-law talked to you about this?"

"No, he hasn't talked to me about